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THE STRUGGLE IN AMERICA.

PUBLIC attention is once more concentrated upon events in America, and especially upon the campaign in Virginia. Occurrences elsewhere, though of considerable interest in themselves, are for the time of secondary importance to the scenes now being enacted in the once United States. A fresh invasion of Southern soil by a Northern army of huge proportions has taken place; another series of battles has been fought, all as bloody, as destructive, and apparently as indecisive as their precursors; and once again the invaders have seemingly been checked in their attempts to reach the Confederate capital, with a loss of life which will probably preclude, for a time, any renewal of the effort on their part, and at the same time prevent the Southern troops from advancing upon Washington, so as to end the war by rolling it back upon the aggressors. General Hooker, who was so highly estimated both by himself and others in the North, has performed some feats of what his admirers call "brilliantly audacious strategy;" he has fully fleshed his sword as commander of the army of the Potomac; he has made the long-wished-for and eagerly-urged advance; he has "nobly thinned the ranks" of his own army, and immolated the lives of thousands of those who are the brothers in blood and were but lately the fellow-citizens of the soldiers he

led; and, like his predecessors in command—M'Dowell, M'Clellan, Pope, Burnside—he has been foiled in his object, and is at least unable to advance further, if he has not been driven back with disastrous defeat. General Hooker began his movement on the 27th of April, and up to the 2nd of May met with but trifling opposition; but on that day began the series of conflicts of the final results of which we are yet in ignorance, but which have certainly stopped the "on to Richmond" progress of the "fighting General" of the Federals. Hooker's plan of operations appears to have been this: to cross the Rappahannock with the main body of his army at a point at some distance from the Confederate position; to make a flank movement, so as to get into the rear of the Southern army at Fredericksburg, while a portion of his troops remained in front and attacked from Falmouth, and thus compel General Lee either to quit his intrenchments and fight in the open field, in order to check the flank movement, or, if he remained inactive, to assail him in both front and rear, and so place him between two fires. There was also a third course open to be adopted—namely, to march upon and capture Richmond, if Lee declined to fight, while Sedgwick's division and the reserves around Washington took care of that capital; but to have left behind such a position as Fredericksburg, and such an army as the conquerors of M'Clellan, Pope, and Burnside,

led by such Generals as Lee, "Stonewall" Jackson, and Longstreet, was a dash of "audacious strategy" which we can hardly believe even fighting—or rather "bouncing"—General Hooker capable of contemplating.

The probable immediate object, then, being to "get General Lee into a trap" and attack him both in front and rear, it seems evident that General Hooker did to a certain extent succeed, or was permitted to succeed. He did manage to cross the Rappahannock about twelve miles above Fredericksburg; he did march some distance into the country, and he did to a certain degree get upon the flank of the Confederate army; but his success had this extent—no more. At this point General Lee fell upon him—first checked his advance, then compelled him to make several changes in his front, and ultimately drove him back upon the banks of the Rapidan and Rappahannock rivers, where he was fain to intrench himself in order to avert further disaster. The fighting, between the bulk of the two armies, which led to these results took place on Saturday the 2nd, and Sunday the 3rd of May, and was attended with an amount of slaughter which, as one correspondent remarks, would, if repeated a few times, "leave no armies to fight on either side." In the meanwhile General Sedgwick crossed the river at Fredericksburg, and attacked and carried the Confederate lines behind that city, which he found but weakly defended. This was



PRESIDENT LINCOLN AND GENERAL HOOKER, WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE STAFFS, AT THE REVIEW OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, PRIOR TO THE RECENT BATTLES IN VIRGINIA.

at first deemed a great success by the Federals and was trumpeted as such in the New York papers, which loudly proclaimed that General Lee had been "completely taken by surprise" and "thoroughly outgeneraled"—assertions which appear to have been ludicrously improbable and absurd. The Confederate leaders have hitherto been marvellously well-informed as to the movements of their antagonists, and it is not likely that their sources of information failed them on this occasion, though it is not improbable that the exact point at which General Hooker would cross might for a time be in doubt. Besides, General Lee's policy in leaving Fredericksburg but weakly garrisoned is capable of easy explanation. He seems to have reasoned thus: "Suppose I withdraw the bulk of the army from the Fredericksburg lines in order to fight Hooker in the field, no great harm can arise. If I beat him, the reoccupation of these lines will either be of no consequence or will be easy of accomplishment when he is disposed of; and if I am defeated, and have to retreat towards Richmond, the position at Fredericksburg will be of no further value, and therefore need not cost a thought." And this was precisely what happened. So soon as Hooker's army was practically put *hors-de-combat*, General Lee or one of his Lieutenants, believed to be Longstreet, fell upon General Sedgwick at Fredericksburg, and drove him out of the lines there, prevented an attempt made to join Hooker on the south side of the Rappahannock, and finally hurled him back pell-mell across the river in the night, while the Confederate cannon played upon the pontoons by which the broken and disorganised mass was retreating. Such is the position in which the intelligence received at the time we write leaves the contending forces; and it is clear, we think, that the last—the fifth—attempt upon the capital of the Southern Confederacy has failed as egregiously as the previous ones did; for it is impossible to disguise the fact, garble the accounts as the Northern Government and press may, that General Hooker has been to all intents and purposes defeated. His was the invading force, and such a check to an invader as makes it a matter of boast that he is "able to hold his own" must be fully equivalent to a defeat. Besides, all the ordinary tests declare victory to be on the side of the Confederates: the plans of their opponent are unmasked and baffled; the ground he chose as his head-quarters is in their hands; he has lost at least a dozen pieces of cannon; his communications with his base of operations are assailed and liable to interruption—possibly have been interrupted; and he is forced to betake himself to the expedient of intrenching himself in a position, with a couple of rivers in his rear and a powerful and victorious host in his front, which is dangerous and inconvenient to the last degree. Is it not palpable, then, that the General on whom the hopes of the North were fixed to redeem the honours of the army of the Potomac, and who so loudly boasted of his capacity to do so, has as utterly failed as any of those whose conduct he condemned in such unmeasured terms?

But there are higher and graver considerations involved in these events in Virginia than any question as to the reputation of this or that leader, or, indeed, as to which side has won and which has lost the victory. The correspondents who describe the late conflicts seemingly shrink from stating the amount of carnage that has taken place. They say "accounts are still too confused to admit of an accurate estimate of the losses being formed," but add that they "must be very heavy." Such is known to be the case on the Federal side, and consolation is sought in the hope that the Confederates, from having been the assailants, must have suffered still more severely. However this may be, it is surely not inopportune to ask, How long is this frightful and resultless sacrifice of human life, this mad interruption of human happiness and progress, this reckless destruction of property and desolation of fair and fertile provinces, to continue? and for what? What purpose do those who urge the continuance of this internecine war expect to subserve? What aim do they hope to accomplish? Have not the Southern people given sufficient evidence of their determination to win their independence and to sacrifice everything to maintain it? Have not the North had ample proof of the utter hopelessness of subduing such a people, inhabiting a country so vast and so difficult to overrun? And is it not plain that to hold the Confederate States in subjection, even if to overrun them were possible, is a task entirely beyond human power, except upon the condition of totally exterminating the inhabitants and making the land a desert; and surely that is an alternative which the bulk of the Northern people would shrink from contemplating, whatever a few mad fanatics may be capable of. For whom, and for what, then, is this war to be perpetuated? No sane man can expect that the North will ever succeed in forcing back the South into subjection, much less into that union and brotherhood upon which the United States' Government professes to be founded. The longer the strife is continued the more savage it will become, the more bitter will be the mutual animosities, the more intense the sense of wrong and the desire of vengeance, and the more utterly hopeless the chance of future reconciliation and good-neighbourhood between the two peoples. Is there no party in America capable of perceiving a rational means of staying this bloodshed and strong enough to enforce its adoption? And if there is such a party, is it not full time they made their voices heard in the national councils? There surely must be honest men, humane men, patriotic men, Christian men, in the Federal States able to make, at least, an effort to avert the repetition of scenes which, though they may not shock the ignorant and unthinking, must needs make the judicious grieve. If the conflict is continued for the sake of securing an advantageous boundary-line in the

final adjustment of territory, that might surely be purchased at a cheaper price than that which is now being paid for it. If the war is persevered in for political purposes, to secure power to this or that faction, would it not be wise to push all parties aside and save the country, even at the sacrifice of both Republicans and Democrats, the supporters as well as the opponents of Mr. Lincoln and his section of politicians? If, as has been asserted, the war feeling is encouraged and maintained by the class of contractors who fatten on the profits to be derived from supplying the stores necessary for the army, why do not sensible and honest men at once rise in a body and proclaim that they will no longer be eaten up by such cormorants, and free the national shoulders of such vile incubi as these?

And can nothing be done from without to aid the development of a course of action which we hope and believe there are men in America capable of seeing and adopting? Should not the great Powers of Europe—and especially England and France—take some steps to bring about a cessation of the insane conflict which is desolating America and impoverishing every people on the earth? Some time ago, when the proposal to intervene by mediation or otherwise was made, we were told that the time was inopportune, and that we must wait. We have waited, and would now like to know what steps are being taken to make the voice of European public opinion felt in America. Is our Government watching for opportunities for beneficent action, and ready to act as such opportunities offer, or are they listless on-lookers, drifting along with the current, and letting the tragic course of events flow on uninterruptedly? There can be no doubt that public feeling in this country has decided that everything that can be done should be done to stay the useless waste of life on the fertile plains of America; and we hope the Government are doing their utmost to give effect to that feeling. We wish not to usurp the functions of Government, or to urge rash and inconsiderate measures; but matters are every day becoming more urgent; the evil is every day attaining greater magnitude; and the necessity for a remedy is every day more apparent. Where there is a will there is a way, in most things; and surely a way of stanching the unholy feud in America exists, and can be found if earnestly sought for.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN REVIEWING THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On the 9th of April President Lincoln, accompanied by General Hooker, General Halleck, Mr. Seward, Mr. Stanton, and other official personages, reviewed the army of the Potomac preparatory to its making that onward movement which, so far as we at present know, has been anything but satisfactory. How different must have been the appearance and the spirits of the army on that 4th of April and on the 4th of May, one month later! On the one day the host looked proud, high-spirited, full of hope, and confident against the world in arms; on the other, worn, dispirited, baffled, and beaten, it had to mourn thousands lying dead in front of the position in which it was hemmed by a victorious and exultant foe. However, no fore-shadowing of coming disaster clouded the horizon on that sunny but cold 4th of April, when the Federal troops mustered on the north bank of the Rappahannock for review by the chief magistrate of the State; and accordingly the scene is thus jubilantly described by the correspondent of a New York paper:—

Hours slipped by, and the dark blue masses on the plateau grew larger, the banners more numerous, the rattle of drums more bewildering. The artillery came out, and the great guns that thundered at the heights of Fredericksburg pointed their muzzles over toward the white tents in the hollows, and the little rifle cannon drew up by them briskly, as if proud of the work they did before Richmond, at Antietam, and over the pontoons down by the river. The columns were all in line, the men waited and grew impatient, and the battery horses, to amuse themselves in the cold, kicked each other's shins, and fiercely switched imaginary flies, and still the cortège did not appear. The wind swept across the open country, stinging the fingers of the soldiers, playing mad pranks with caps, tugging at the flags upon the tall bending staffs, as if impatient at the delay, and the troops began to fall out one by one to stir themselves into warmth, when suddenly a volume of smoke burst up from the right, followed by another, and then another, while the sullen boom of the guns rolled across to the left, and announced the commencement of the drama. The cavalcade was imposing. The President, mounted upon a large bay, took the lead, followed by a brilliant throng of Generals, Colonels, and officers of lesser rank, while the lancers, with their fluttering pennants, and a troop of orderlies, galloped after. Mrs. Lincoln, accompanied by the Attorney-General and Captain Candler, of General Hooker's Staff, in a carriage drawn by four spanking bays and escorted by a squad of lancers, viewed the display from an eminence; but Master Lincoln, with characteristic enterprise, booted and spurred, rode bravely at the side of the President.

The artillery were quickly reviewed and passed off the field, when the President turned his attention to the infantry. The troops were drawn up in columns of divisions, and as the cortège rode down the front the banners dipped gracefully, the bands burst out with "Hail to the Chief," and the bugles sounded their flourish of greeting. The corps were reviewed separately, though all upon the same field, and while one was saluting, and being saluted the others rested upon their arms, while the rear ranks sometimes fell out and danced fantastic jigs in the cold to the rattle of the drums in the distance. Guards were stationed around the field to restrain the throng of spectators; and officers, with scrolls in their hands, rode frantically about, giving instructions; while General Patrick, as general officer of the day, calm, erect, and disguised as a Roman, moved from point to point superintending the movements of the troops, and here and there, by an order, easing the friction of the huge machine. From a knoll above the field the view was magnificent. Out upon a little swell of upland were crowded the President, the Generals, and the Staff, and over all the plain stretched the columns of the army. In the distance were the camps, the river, the spires of Fredericksburg, and the frowning batteries beyond; behind us, miles of mud-walled villages, long white-topped baggage-wagons and cannon on the hills. Now and then the sun came out and lighted up the field with flashes that seemed almost supernatural. Then we caught glimpses of glorious things, visions of splendour that vanished and seemed as a mirage. How the sunbeams danced on the rifles and bayonets, and lingered in the folds of the banners, will never be forgotten; how the shadows drifted over the plain and melted away with the music very few will fail to remember. Steadily the tide of veterans surged onward. The front was lost in the winding valleys leading to the quiet camps, and the rear still rested impatiently on the knoll; while the columns one by one continued to swing off from the latter, wind round before the President, and lose themselves in the distance. The afternoon wore on, and the regiments, like waves at sea, swept after each other as regularly as before, the drums kept up their furious rattle, and the sunbeams, playing hide and seek, lost themselves among the soldiery; spectators grew tired of the ceaseless tramp, the bugles and flutter of banners, and galloped home to their camps, and the President sat wearily upon his horse, waiting for the review to be ended.

At length the last regiment came up, dipped its colours and hammered its drums, vanished over the hill, and the cortège of Generals and orderlies cantered leisurely back to head-quarters.

THE LOSS OF THE ORPHEUS.—A despatch from the senior officer on the New Zealand station to the Admiralty gives an account of the efforts made to recover the bodies of the brave men who perished on board the Orpheus, and to give them Christian burial. The natives on the coast were most friendly, and rendered the parties every assistance. They had buried several of the bodies which had been cast up on the beach before the arrival of the English party, and among others the body of Commodore Burnett, which was, however, disinterred, removed to Auckland, and there buried with military honours. Above fifty bodies altogether have been found and buried by the natives and the party sent in search. Very few articles connected with the ship had been washed ashore, and nothing of the wreck appears above water but the stump of one of her masts.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

The indifference of Parisians, and of Frenchmen in general, to the coming elections, is giving way as the period of the contest approaches, and an unusual degree of interest is now manifested in the result. The papers are almost exclusively devoted to the subject, and new candidates are daily coming forward. There seems great probability that the ranks of the Opposition will be increased, perhaps but thinly in numbers but powerfully in talent, if success should attend the candidatures of M.M. Thiers, Montalembert, Berryer, Odillon Barrot, and Prevost Paradol.

A case of great public interest is at present being discussed in one of the French legal tribunals—the claim made on behalf of the Duc d'Aumale against the Prefect of Police for the seizure of all the copies of his "History of the Princes of Condé during the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries." The work, it may be remembered, was to have been published by Messrs. Michel Levy, but on the 19th of January last a commissary of police, by virtue of an order of the Prefect, seized the whole edition. The Prefect rests his defence upon the nature of his administrative powers, and denies that the Court has jurisdiction in the case.

ITALY.

The *Opinione* of Turin stated on Saturday last that the Italian Government had been apprised of the organisation of a Bourbon expedition (under the command of Bourbon ex-officers sent from Rome) on the Albanian coast, for the purpose of conducting a number of Albanian brigands into the province of Puglia. In consequence, the Italian Government, after having dispatched several vessels to cruise off the Albanian coast, requested the Porte to arrest the conspirators. Upon a domiciliary visit being made at the house of the Austrian Consul at Volona a quantity of arms and ammunition was discovered and seized, and three individuals at the Austrian Consulate were arrested.

PRUSSIA.

There appears to be little likelihood of the early settlement of the dispute between the Prussian Ministry and the Chamber of Deputies. The Ministry, indeed, made a show of yielding in a letter read to the Chamber on Saturday, which concluded by stating that "the Ministry have not asked that the President should relinquish his right of interrupting their speeches, but only that he should declare that he has no disciplinary privilege, especially that of calling the Ministers to order." The Chamber replied to this by passing a resolution refusing to make any alteration in a resolution adopted on the 15th inst., rejecting the demand of the Ministers to be exempted from the rules of the House, and summoning them to attend its sittings as required by law. The Chamber further resolved that, until the Ministers resumed their seats, they would not proceed with the question of the reorganisation of the army, and resolved that the debate on the address to the Crown should be placed upon the order of the day for the next sitting. On Tuesday and Wednesday the military Ministerial representatives from the department of the Marine were present at the meetings of the Committee upon the Budget. The appearance of these gentlemen caused great surprise among the members of the Committee.

Herr von Bismarck was present at Thursday's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies, and read a Royal message, in which the King says:—"The House has, indirectly, approved of the conduct of its President, which was in violation of the Constitutional rights of the Ministry. Such a position for the Ministers does not correspond with the dignity of the Crown. The King can only advise the Chamber to terminate such a state of things in order that the business of the House may be continued."

Herr Virchow moved that the Royal message be referred to the Committee on the Address, as the Ministers had misinformed the King. This motion was unanimously adopted by the Chamber.

At the sitting of the Upper House, on Wednesday, a vote of thanks, as proposed by a Committee, was passed to the King for the attitude taken up by the Government in the Polish question. Attacks of the most violent character upon the Chamber of Deputies took place during the debate.

GREECE.

The Greek deputation in Copenhagen are growing impatient of their protracted delay, and are pressing the Danish Government for a speedy decision regarding Prince William's acceptance of the Crown of Greece. Nevertheless, the Paris papers affirm that at the Council of Ministers held in Copenhagen on the 16th, it was resolved that the answer of the Royal family to the deputation should be postponed until the 1st of June. Meanwhile, the condition of Athens is becoming very alarming. Some terrible outrages have recently occurred in the city. One outrage in particular has been alluded to by the English Envoy in a note which he addressed to the Provisional Government; and another called forth a similar remonstrance from the French representative. The Government in each case promised prompt and energetic measures of repression.

CHINA.

In China the Franco-Chinese army have attained an equivocal success over the rebels at Shaouing—the latter evacuating the town after a siege of a month, during which they had twice repulsed the besiegers. The rebels had also evacuated S'-ou-Son, and were falling back on Hang-Chow. The Nyenfen rebels had appeared in the neighbourhood of Tien-Tsin, and an encounter had ensued in which Acting Consul Gilson took part, and was seriously wounded.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

By accounts from Central America it appears that a war, which at the first outbreak was confined to the republics of Salvador and Guatemala, has now assumed a more serious aspect, and extended to the neighbouring States. On the 1st ult. a large number of the Salvador troops were marched into Honduras, there to unite with the forces of that State, with the object of attacking and invading Nicaragua, which latter will be assisted in her defence by forces from Guatemala and Costa Rica. Trade was paralysed, while agricultural pursuits were being abandoned, the ordinary labourers of the country being forced away to take up arms.

THE INSURRECTION IN POLAND.

The later news from Poland has been unfavourable to the insurgents; and, indeed, for some time past the detachments leaving Cracow have been frequently driven back and dispersed by the Russian troops, who, contrary to their former practice, committed none of those outrages which have rendered them so infamous. We had occasion last week to refer to the death of Colonel Nullo, the celebrated Garibaldian chief, at the battle of Olkutz. His horse had been shot and had fallen with him, and he was being raised by his men when he was himself struck in the breast with a rifle bullet. He died calling upon the Italians to rush forwards, and they obeyed the order and avenged him in the most heroic manner—sacrificing themselves, but also killing an immense number of Russians. The grief caused among the Italians by the death of Nullo is said to have been most heartrending, and it attracted universal attention in the midst of the battle. They called out his name, sobbed, shrieked, and by a general impulse rushed upon the enemy, when they for the most part met the same fate as their leader.

Amongst the most terrible of the recent reports is that of the atrocities of the Russian *ra-kolniki*, sectarians in Livonia, and colonists whose ancestors were expelled from Russia for their religious opinions and found a refuge in Poland. "The great majority of the *ra-kolniki*," says the *Times* correspondent, "have only existed as such since the time of Peter and the reform of the Russian Church by the Patriarch Nikon. These are the 'old believers,' who believe in old and hideous *elikons*; in an old mode of making the sign of the cross with two fingers and without the index, which, being the great snuff-taking finger, is held impure; in the old fashion of not shaving (for man was made in the image of God), and of not smoking (for 'not that which goeth into the mouth, but that which cometh out of the

month defileth a man"). Some of the Russian sectarians have great faith in 'purification by fire,' or incendiarism as we should call it, and take a religious pleasure in tearing up passports, which they regard (with some reason) as 'marks of the beast.' Others mutilate themselves; others perform rites which may be traced to Paganism, and are as fanatical as the greatest fanatics of the Mohammedan East."

It is quite certain that the Russian Government has, through its agents, worked on the fanaticism of these men and incited them against the Poles. They have been suddenly transformed into bands of maniacs, killing all the Poles who came in their way and beating out their brains with hammers and axes, breaking in country houses, plundering them and setting them on fire. Fourteen mansions have been robbed so completely that not a lock was left on the doors nor a piece of tapestry on the walls, and several were burned to the ground. The authorities make no attempt to prevent the outrages, which are still being committed, and they keep sixty-seven Livonian gentlemen in prison at Dunauburg simply because the enraged *raskolniki* thought fit to seize them, tie their arms, and forward them to that town under escort.

It is said that the number of wounded and insurgent soldiers brought to Wilna has been so great that General Nazimoff, the Governor, has sent to St. Petersburg for 200 beds, 20 surgeons, and instruments of surgery. It is said the insurrection has spread so completely throughout Lithuania that, if the insurgents had sufficient arms, they would very soon clear the province of Russian troops. The insurrection is likewise both general and popular throughout Samogitia. It is now described as having broken out in four districts of Podolia. Three insurgent corps have made their appearance in the districts of Wladimir and Luck. The whole of Ukraina is in a state of insurrection, with the exception of the districts of Czerniak and Czechryn, where the nobility are favourable to Russia. An insurrectionary proclamation has been issued, recognising the rights of the Russian nationalities, and a provisional insurgent chief has been proclaimed in the Ukraine. The *Invalide Russe* announces that Colonel Narbut, the most experienced soldier and active chief among the Lithuanian insurgents, was killed on the 4th of May in an engagement with a Russian column, commanded by Colonel Timofienko.

It is reported that General Berg has announced that he will burn and destroy until the insurrection is crushed, and has asked for 30,000 fresh troops from St. Petersburg, while all that are disposable are being sent to Poland. A great part of the soldiers on leave of absence have already joined their regiments.

The Provincial Revolutionary Committee for Lithuania recently published a reply to the Imperial ukase granting an amnesty, which says:—

As the object of the insurrection is not to obtain concessions from the Emperor, but to establish the independence of the whole of Poland within the frontiers which existed before its partition, the national struggle shall continue until the last Muscovite soldier has been driven from these Polish provinces, or till the last Polish army has ceased to fight.

The 13th of May, the term fixed for the expiration of the amnesty, passed without any noticeable event taking place in Warsaw.

The telegrams from Warsaw represent the National Committee as becoming daily more bold in the issue of proclamations regulating the government of the country. One of the latter proclamations relates to financial operations, and declares all financial acts and ordinances of the Russian Government to be null and void, and another forbids the Parisian banker, M. Alexandre Laski, accepting the presidency of the Warsaw Bank. The Lithuanian Provisional Government has issued a proclamation emancipating the peasants of Volhynia, and assuring to them religious liberty and the partition of all landed property.

Further negotiations, it is said, are being carried on by the great Powers on the subject of Poland. It is stated that England, backed by France, has proposed to Russia:—1. The conclusion of an armistice for one year. 2. The Polish fortresses to remain in the possession of Russian troops. 3. Organisation immediately of a Polish Administration. 4. No person implicated in this last insurrection shall be arrested or accused. These propositions, we are assured, left London on the 8th of May, approved of by France. Austria, we likewise learn, has made the following propositions to the Cabinet of St. Petersburg:—1. A full amnesty. 2. National representation on the same system as the Provincial Diet of Galicia. 3. A Polish Administration. 4. Entire religious liberty. 5. The Polish language declared official for educational and administrative purposes.

Paris papers state that the Holy See is preparing a memorandum on the sufferings of the Catholic Church in Poland. The French Ambassador in Constantinople has invited the Ottoman Government to join the European appeal to Russia on behalf of Poland; and the Porte, after declining at first on the ground that it was not a party to the treaties of 1815, has consented to co-operate.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

GENERAL NEWS.

The great feature of the news from America is the battles in Virginia between the armies under Hooker and Lee respectively, details of which will be found below.

The Confederate force which recently occupied Morgantown, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, captured four companies of militia belonging to the town. It then proceeded to Fairmount and engaged the Federals under Colonel Mulligan, who were defending the railroad bridge which spans the Monongahela near that place. After a short conflict the Federals were beaten, and the bridge, the finest on the road, was totally destroyed. The Confederates took 250 of Colonel Mulligan's men prisoners, but the loss in killed and wounded on either side is not known.

It is reported, via Memphis on the 30th, that a body of Confederate cavalry had made a raid into Central Mississippi and destroyed twenty miles of the Mississippi Central Railroad and a large quantity of arms and stores.

On the 21st ult. General Banks occupied Opelousas and Washington, in Louisiana. General Banks's intention was to proceed northward, to form a junction with the forces under Admirals Farragut and Porter and General Grant, designing thereby the complete severance of the Confederate line of communication for supplies from Texas to Port Hudson.

The Hon. C. L. Vallandigham was arrested by a military force at his residence at Dayton, Ohio, on the 9th inst., by the order of General Burnside, and carried to Cincinnati. An attempt made by his friends in Dayton to rescue him from the soldiers was unsuccessful.

GREAT BATTLES ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

THE FIGHT AT CHANCELLORSVILLE.

THE movement of General Hooker across the Rappahannock has, as anticipated, resulted in a series of desperate encounters, in which an immense sacrifice of life has occurred, but which, as far as yet known, have not been productive of anything decisive. The Federal leader crossed the Rappahannock at two points or three points, both above and below Fredericksburg; the great bulk of his army, however, said to number 100,000 men, doing so several miles higher up the stream than the scene of Burnside's discomfiture in December last, while a corps of 20,000 passed over at or below Fredericksburg. The object of General Hooker seems to have been to turn the flank of General Lee's army with his main body, while the 20,000 troops mentioned should occupy his attention in front, and so far succeeded as to reach a place called Chancellorsville, about twenty miles from Richmond. The Confederate General, of course, was under the necessity of checking this attempt, and accordingly attacked Hooker's force, and fought them for three days, the result of the first two of which are known, but, as to the third, the Government at Washington refused to publish any intelligence. The fighting took place on Saturday, the 2nd, Sunday the 3rd, and, it is believed, Monday, the 4th instant. The correspondent of the *New York Times*, after describing the positions of the opposing armies, thus details the occurrences of the 2nd and 3rd:—

In the morning of the 2nd, as we stood on the balcony of Chancellor's House, attention was aroused by a sharp rattle of musketry coming from a column of rebels coming up by the main Fredericksburg plank-road, directly in front of us. Knapp's battery, however, which was planted directly in front of the position, opened upon them, and, after a few rounds

caused them to retire. At four the rebels are moving down in force on the plank-road, where we had a little before made the reconnaissance. Woods's division of Slocum's corps is sent in on the double quick into the woods—their bayonets flashing in the sunlight. A sharp contest ensues, and in a few minutes they come back in disorder. A portion of Kane's brigade, composed of raw troops, had broken, and thrown the column into confusion. An aide from Slocum comes to ask General Hooker if he can have reinforcements. "No! he must hold his own. Howard will, of course, support him from the right. Let Geary's division, however, be thrown to the right of the road, so that the artillery may be able to sweep the enemy on the left." This treatment presently repaired the damage and checked the hope of the rebels being able to pierce our centre. Foiled in this, they now prepared to make a still more desperate dash on our right flank. We were aware that they had been massing against that point all the afternoon; and the terrific treble of the demoniac yell with which the rebels always rush into battle announced their approach from the woods by the Culpepper plank-road. Jackson's whole corps, reinforced by D. H. Hill's division, numbering in all 40,000 men, had precipitated themselves on Howard's corps, forming our extreme right wing. This corps is composed of the divisions of Schurz, Steinwehr, and Devin, and consists in great part of German troops. Without waiting for a single volley from the rebels, this corps disgracefully abandoned their position behind their breastworks, and commenced coming, panic-stricken, down the road towards headquarters. Our right was thus completely turned, and the rebels in a fair way of doubling us up. Hooker's dispositions were made in a moment. Whom, of all others, should he send in at this fearfully critical moment but the darling child of his own creation—his own old corps, now commanded by General Berry. "General!" shouted the commander, "throw your men into the breach—receive the enemy on your bayonets—don't fire a shot—they can't see you!" Oh! it was a sight to see that glorious band rush at the double-quick to the rescue! Pressing up in their horrid array of glittering steel, the enemy's advance was quickly checked, and he had to withdraw to the line of breastworks just vacated by the 11th corps. Batteries were immediately sent up in thunderous clamour to the front, and Captain Best, Chief of Artillery of Slocum's corps, massed twenty pieces on the crest near General Sickles's headquarters, and a terrific fire was opened on the enemy and kept up far into the night. General Pleasanton, too, succeeded in turning back a dozen pieces taken from the flying corps and planting them in a favourable position, while he drew up his little brigade of cavalry, consisting of squadrons of the 6th New York, 8th Pennsylvania, and 17th Pennsylvania, with drawn sabres, to protect the guns (a novel sight in battle). Directing the pieces to be double-shotted with canister, he swept the position occupied by the enemy with a murderous fire. While this is going on, the panic-stricken Dutchmen are sweeping past us, and round by headquarters into the road leading to United States Ford. Many members of the Staff of General Hooker and other general officers placed themselves in the road, and with drawn sabres smote and slashed the cowardly retreating rascals. It was all in vain, however. The road for two or three miles down towards United States Ford is now crowded with their shattered fragments. General Hooker has, however, already sent Syre's regulars after them. As to the loss sustained by this corps, either in killed or captured, it could not have been great—they ran too fast for that. I have the mortification to add that they allowed twelve pieces of cannon to fall into the hands of the enemy. What makes this retreat not only disgraceful but well-nigh disastrous is that it completely foiled a splendid manoeuvre which General Sickles with his corps was engaged in executing. He had gone in on a branch road leading off from the main pike, pierced the enemy's centre, penetrated for a mile, cut them in two, and would have secured the key to victory, when the turning of Howard's position compelled him to make good his retreat, though he brought out with him four hundred rebel prisoners. The enemy had completely turned our right, was now in our rear, and would, unless prevented, turn this immense advantage to account with the first dawn of light.

According to it was very evident at daylight this (Sunday) morning that the day would bring forth a terrible battle. We knew that the enemy had been reinforcing his line all night, at the expense undoubtedly of the strength of his force on our left. His intention was evidently to fight for the possession of the plank-road, which it was perfectly apparent he must have, as that portion of it which we then held was subject to the enemy's assault in front and on both flanks. Our line of battle was formed with General Berry's gallant division on the right, General Birney next on the left, General Whipple and General Williams supporting. At 5.30 a.m. the advance became engaged in the ravine, just beyond the ridge where Captain Best's guns had made their terrible onslaught the night before, and where they still frowned upon the enemy and threatened his destruction. The rattle of musketry soon became a continued crash, and in a few moments, as battalion after battalion became engaged, the roar surpassed all conception, and indicated that the fight would be one of the most terrible nature. General Berry's division, which had checked the enemy's advance the night before, engaged him again, and, if it were possible for them to add more laurels to their fame then, they did it thrice over again. The enemy advanced his infantry in overwhelming numbers, and seemed determined to crush our forces. But the brave men of Sickles and Slocum, who fought their columns with desperate gallantry, held the rebels in check, and inflicted dreadful slaughter among them. General French's division was sent in on the right flank of our line at about seven a.m., and in a short time a horde of ragged, streaming rebels running down the road indicated that that portion of the enemy's line had been crushed. At eight a.m. General French sent his compliments to General Hooker, with the information that he had charged the enemy and was driving them before him. Sickles maintained the attack upon his line with great endurance. The enemy seemed determined to crush him with the immensity of their forces, and, as subsequently shown from the statements of prisoners, five whole divisions of the rebel army were precipitated upon this portion of the line, for from these five divisions we took during the day an aggregate of over two thousand prisoners. The exploits of our gallant troops in those dark, tangled, gloomy woods may never be brought to light, but they would fill a hundred volumes. It was a deliberate, desperate hand-to-hand conflict, and the carnage was perfectly frightful. Cool officers say that the dead and wounded of the enemy covered the ground in heaps, and that the rebels seemed utterly regardless of their lives, and literally threw themselves upon the muzzles of our guns. Many desperate charges were made during the fight, particularly by Berry's division. Most's brigade made fifteen distinct charges, and captured seven stands of colours; the 7th New Jersey, Colonel Francis, alone capturing four stands of colours and 500 prisoners. The engagement lasted without the slightest intermission, from 5.30 a.m. to 8.45 p.m., when there was a temporary cessation on our part, occasioned by getting out of ammunition. We held our position for nearly an hour with the bayonet, and then, being resupplied, an order was given to fall back to the vicinity of the Chancellor House, which we did in good order. Here the contest was maintained for an hour or more, not so severely as before, but with great havoc to the enemy and considerable loss to ourselves.

The vicinity of the Chancellor House was now the theatre of the fight, and my visits to that spot became less frequent. General Hooker maintained his headquarters there until 10 a.m., when it was set on fire by the enemy's shells, and is now in ruins. Chancellorsville is no longer in existence, having perished with the flame, but Chancellorsville is in history, never to be effaced. Our new line was now so far established as to render it safe to withdraw all our forces on that front, which was accordingly done, and at 11.30 a.m. the musketry firing ceased. The engagement had lasted six hours, but had been the most terrific of the war. Our artillery had literally slaughtered the enemy, and many of the companies had lost heavily in men themselves, but the guns were all saved.

The enemy was now no longer in our rear, but had been shoved down directly in our front, and is now directly between us and our forces in Fredericksburg, and we are again in an entrenched and fortifiably-fortified position. The enemy has gained some ground, it is true, but at the sacrifice of the flower of his force, five of his seven divisions having been cut to pieces in the effort, and over 2000 of them have fallen into our hands.

During the afternoon the enemy has made several attempts to force our lines, particularly at the apex of our position, near the Chancellor House, but Captain Weed has massed a large quantity of artillery in such a position as to repulse with great loss everything placed within its range. The enemy tried several batteries and regiments at that point at different times during the afternoon, and they were literally destroyed by the fire of our terrible guns. Nothing can live within their range.

The rebel prisoners report that General A. P. Hill was killed this forenoon, during the sanguinary conflict his division had with General Berry's division. General Berry was himself killed while gallantly fighting with his brave men.

The correspondent of the *New York Herald*, dating from "near the battle-field," on Monday night, says:—

Heavy firing in the direction of Chancellorsville began at an earlier hour to-day, and has continued ever since. There has been a great battle in the immediate vicinity. Large reinforcements had come up for the enemy, apparently from Richmond, which seems to render it probable that the railroad had not been cut. In regard to what has been done in the expedition to cut the railroad, and as to the whereabouts of General Stoneman, who had been sent out with the whole Federal cavalry to accomplish this object, all is doubt and uncertainty. No positive advice of the success of that expedition have been received. We have only rumours and hopes. Had General Stoneman's force met with disaster we would have heard of it from the enemy's men. But had it not, we ought to have heard of it in another way, and very practically, before this. Reports from the field are favourable, and we feel every confidence that General Hooker will be able to hold his position in front of Ely's Ford, which, though his right is swayed back somewhat, is essentially as dangerous a position for the enemy as the one he held at Chancellorsville. Beyond question, however, this must depend upon the extent to which the enemy has received or will receive reinforcements.

Still later accounts state that the withdrawal of Hooker's advanced columns beyond Chancellorsville on the 2nd, and the protracted and terrific fighting of the 3rd, had left the Federal line of battle lying on the edge of the woods three-quarters of a mile north of Chancellorsville, crossing the main road leading to United States Ford. General Hooker was busy throughout the 4th and 5th intrenching his line,

It is reported from New York that "the 4th was a quiet day until late in the afternoon, when Hooker advanced a division of the 5th Corps for the purpose of feeling for the enemy and ascertaining his position. The column moved out in line of battle across the fields and into the woods, in the direction of Fredericksburg. Soon after skirmishers had entered the woods they met the skirmishers of the enemy, driving them back. Our main body then pushed on and soon found a large body of the enemy drawn up in a formidable double line of battle, on a slope facing the main position. A brisk action ensued, lasting half an hour, during which time the musketry fire was nearly equal to that of Sunday. Our batteries also opened on the ascertained position of the enemy, and they were soon compelled to fall back, somewhat in disorder. Our troops then returned to the main line and rested. Nothing further has been done in that direction."

THE FEDERAL ATTACK ON FREDERICKSBURG.

While the battle was raging near Chancellorsville General Sedgwick, at the head of his corps of 20,000 men, made an attack on the Confederate lines at Fredericksburg. This part of the operations is described as follows by the *New York Times* correspondent:—

The going down of the sun on Saturday found our troops of the left scattering out on both sides of the river, some two miles below the city. Under cover of night, Generals Howe and Newton crossed over the river. About two o'clock in the morning orders came to move at once on the enemy. The object of this movement to the city was to storm the first line of rebel earthworks above, which General Sumner attempted in vain to take last December, losing 7000 men in the effort. About half-past five o'clock in the morning Cochrane's old brigade (Newton's division), now commanded by Colonel Staler, and led by him in person, charged over the plain, and succeeded in nearly reaching the stone wall, but were obliged to fall back. The 62nd New York, it is said, endeavoured to storm the works before this hour of the morning. The rebels kept up a constant fire of musketry from behind earthworks, buildings, and rifle-pits, while the guns from above rained down a perfect storm of grape and canister on the troops. General Brooks's division, which was on the extreme left, suffered least, though fired at the most, owing to the fact of most of the enemy's missiles passing over the heads of the troops. It was now eleven o'clock, continuous fighting had been going on for full six hours, and the rebels still held their works. General Sedgwick now determined on having the "light brigade" charge the heights. Colonel Bunham, commanding, moved his forces along under the protection of abandoned earthworks and the hillside formed by the sloping down of the plain near the city until he had arrived in front of the most formidable position, known as the "Slaughter Pen." Knapsacks and any article of clothing which might impede their rapid movement were cast aside by the men, and they were deployed. At twenty minutes past eleven the lion-hearted men rose from their feet. Every one of the thousand spectators on the hills in the rear held his breath in terrible suspense, expecting to see them all the next moment prostrate in the dust. "Forward!" cried the General, and they dashed forward on the open plain, when instantly there was poured upon them a most terrific discharge of grape and canister. Many lay dead, but not one faltered. Full 400 yards must be passed over before gaining the stone wall. As they pressed forward, delivering the battle cheer, which is heard above the roar of artillery, the rebel guns further to the left are turned upon them. But they falter not. A moment more they have reached the stone wall, scaled the sides, are clambering the green bank of the bluff, and, precisely as the city clock struck, they rush over the embrasure of the rebel guns and the heights are ours. The enemy, with the exception of the cannoniers, fled in wild confusion, retreating themselves in the houses, woods, and wherever a place of concealment was afforded. The guns captured proved to be the Washington Artillery, the battery so highly complimented by General Lee in his report of the last battle of Fredericksburg, and which has figured more or less since the outbreak of the rebellion.

The rebels succeeded in getting one gun away to some distance, when the force which had gone round to flank the battery perceived it, and, immediately starting in hot pursuit, captured it with seventy-five prisoners. A wagon-train was ahead, which they might have secured had they not received orders to proceed no further.

RECAPTURE OF FREDERICKSBURG BY THE CONFEDERATES.

The state of matters at Fredericksburg, however, was soon changed. The *New York Herald* thus reports subsequent events there:—

It would appear that after the struggle of the 3rd General Lee detached a large body of his main army to go down and meet General Sedgwick. It is also known that General Longstreet was rapidly getting into his rear at that time. Early on the morning of the 4th large masses of rebels appeared on the heights to the east of Fredericksburg, which had been partially evacuated by our forces in order to strengthen Sedgwick's column. Those remaining made but a brief resistance, and relinquished the position to the enemy, having first removed all their guns. Some fighting occurred above Fredericksburg, the particulars of which have not been received; but it is supposed to have been an effort to hold the rebels from moving up to reinforce the body engaged against Sedgwick. In this, however, we were unsuccessful. It is generally understood that this force was Longstreet's column, just arrived from Suffolk. General Sedgwick was hotly engaged throughout the entire day, the enemy pressing him at all points, and cutting him up badly. His men were obliged to give way before the overwhelming masses of the enemy, and his discomfiture seemed certain, when the gallant Vermont brigade made a noble charge, repulsing the rebels in fine style and securing the safety of that portion of the army. The slaughter of the enemy in this action, which occurred in close proximity to Banks Ford, is without parallel in the history of warfare, considering the number of men engaged. Whole brigades of rebels were literally wiped out, but their force was so many times greater than that at the command of General Sedgwick that it was impossible he could hold his position, and he therefore concluded to extricate himself by recrossing the river. This hazardous expedition was attempted and successfully carried out between midnight and two o'clock on the morning of the 5th.

The enemy held positions with their artillery raking our bridges, over which Sedgwick was obliged to move his men, necessarily creating some confusion in our ranks as the columns moved over, and causing considerable loss of life. They also pressed hotly upon his rear when they discovered he was retreating, and harassed him incessantly. But he succeeded in getting his force over, as above stated, in wonderful good order, and marched immediately in the direction of United States Ford, to join the main army under Hooker.

At daybreak the rebels had obtained a position on the hills on the south bank of the Rappahannock, scarcely two miles below United States Ford, and commenced vigorous shelling of our trains lying posted on the north side of the river, close to the Ford. Several men were injured by these shells, and one or two killed.

The publication of the above account of Sedgwick's discomfiture was delayed as long as possible, and bears evident marks of "cooking," the circumstances attending the recrossing of the river being put as mildly as possible, and the "wiping-out" of whole brigades of the Confederates being a palpable exaggeration.

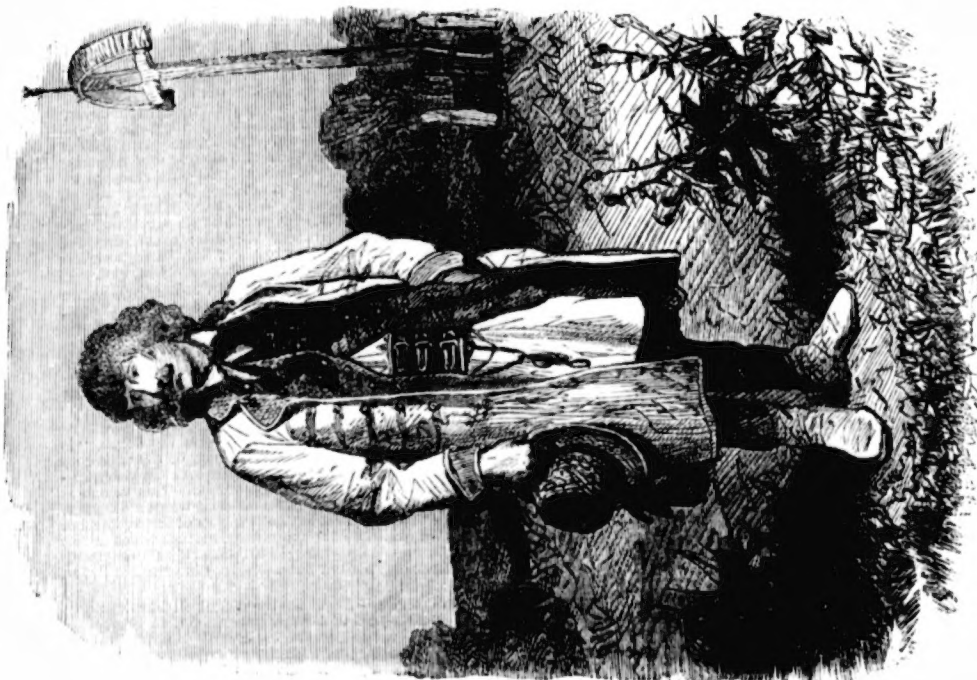
IRELAND.

AMERICAN RECRUITING AGENTS IN CORK COUNTY.—Two American agents paid a visit to Charleville on Saturday. They came by the Dublin train, and brought with them a number of persons whom they had enlisted for the construction of a railway in America. They wanted others, however, and they thought that Charleville might furnish them. To the people, whom attendance at market had brought into town, they accordingly addressed themselves, presenting most promising prospects and offering most seducing wages. The thoughtless listeners were soon caught, and were ready to at once engage for embarkation. However, Mr. Clancy, D.L., hearing of it, went to the parish priest (Mr. Leader), who accompanied him to the scene of operations, told the people that it was not for a railway, but for war the enlisters wanted them, and informed the latter that if they did not decamp they would be given in charge to the police. They took the hint, and fifty persons whom they had engaged thus fortunately escaped.

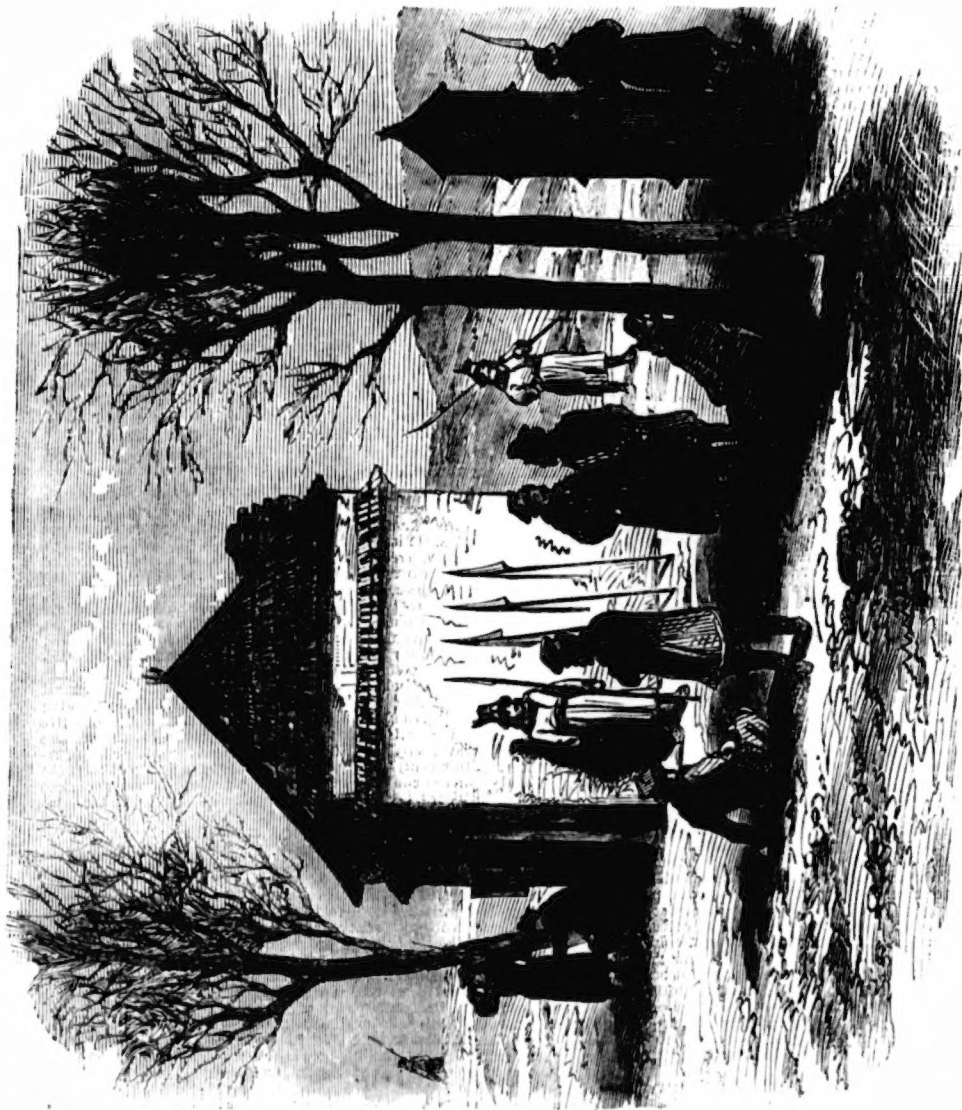
A LADY IN THE PULPIT.—On Monday evening Miss McKenny, a native of the county of Cavan, preached in Langrish-place Methodist Chapel, Dublin, to a crowded congregation. She has been for some years preaching throughout other parts of Ireland, and has now for the first time occupied a pulpit in the metropolis. Her manner is pleasing—nothing bold or masculine about it. As a speaker she is really effective, having a well-cultivated voice, which she uses with great power. Her language is good, sometimes reaching what might be styled eloquent.

THE QUEEN AND M. GUIZOT.—"Queen Victoria," says the *Débat*, "is said to have just sent to Mme. Guizot a magnificent copy of the 'Speeches and Addresses of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort,' to the French translation of which work that gentleman had written a preface. This volume is bound in white morocco, and upon the flyleaf the following words are written in the queen's own hand:—'To M. Guizot, in remembrance of the best of men, and with the expression of gratitude for the sincere homage which he has rendered to him, from his unfortunate widow—VICTORIA R.' Can anything be more touching and more noble than this simplicity in grandeur and in grief?"

GREAT FIRE IN MANCHESTER.—About twelve o'clock on Tuesday night a fire broke out in the timber-yard of Mr. Alderman Neill, in Sherborne-street, Strangeways, Manchester. Before the fire-brigade could be brought up, the flames had got well hold of the timber, and the result was that the greatest amount of water that could be thrown upon the fire failed to extinguish it. The whole contents of the timber-yard were destroyed, and some cottage property in the neighbourhood suffered severely. The heat was so intense that, despite a wind in the teeth of the flames, the Britannia Works of Messrs. Muir, machinists, on the opposite side of the street, caught fire and were also partially destroyed. Mr. Neill was insured to the amount of £7000, but the loss is estimated at nearly £14,000.



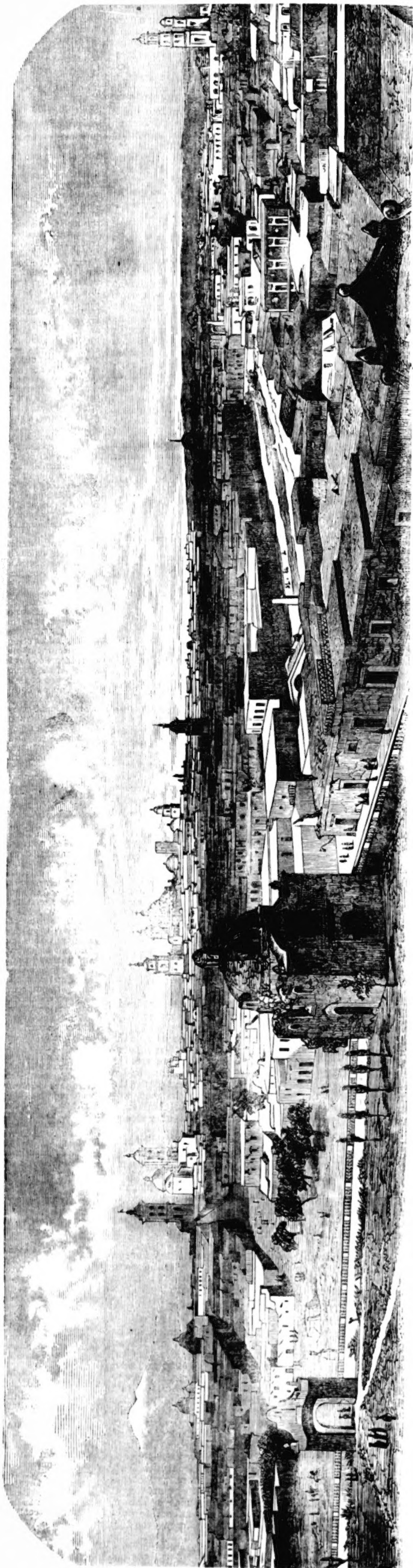
POLISH PEASANT.



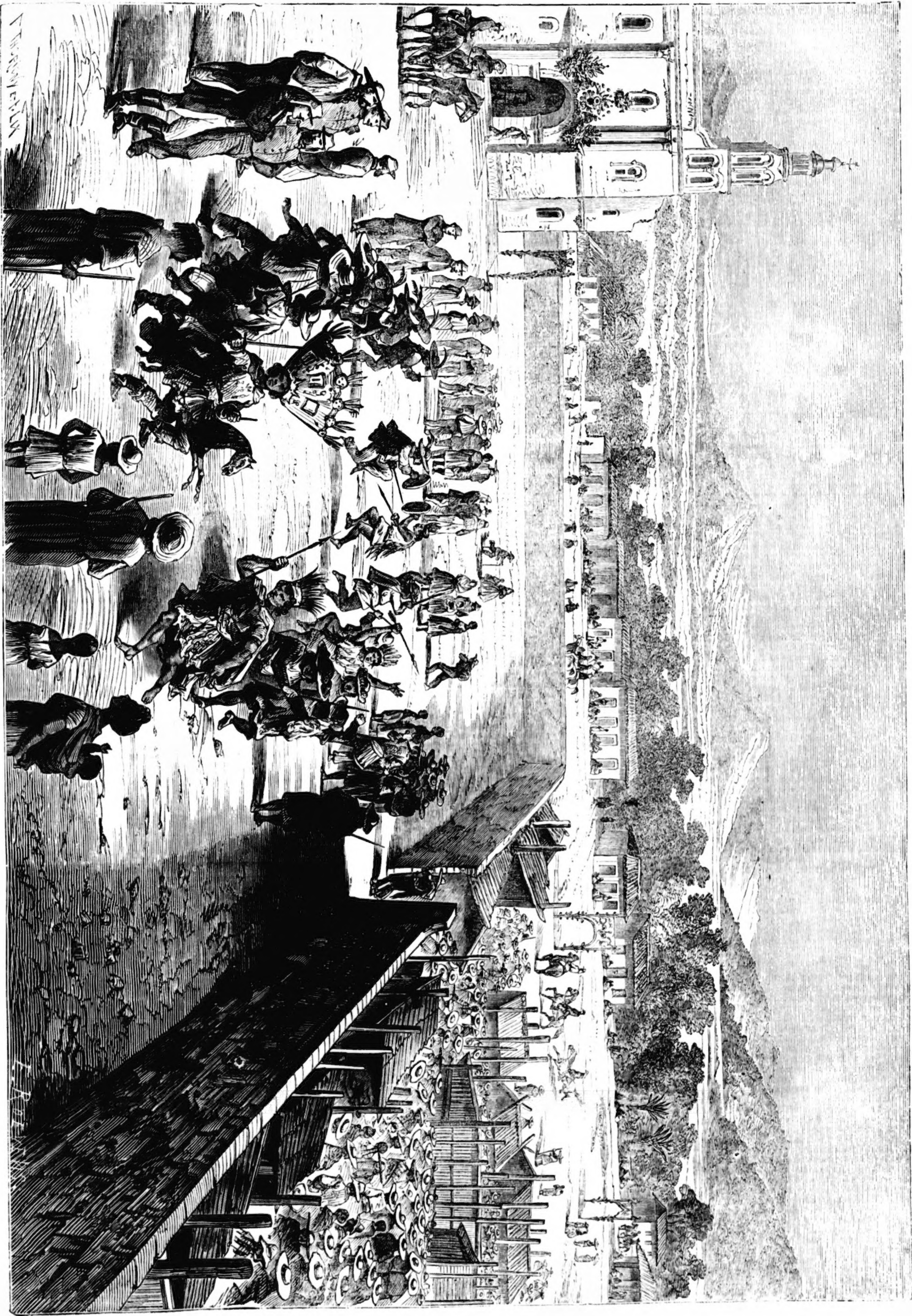
ADVANCED POST OF THE POLISH INSURGENTS.



POLISH PEASANT.



GENERAL VIEW OF PUEBLA, MEXICO.



FETE OF MEXICAN INDIANS AT SANTA ANNA.—(FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUTENANT BURNETT.)

THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

PUEBLA.

THE intelligence of the taking of Puebla by the French troops has been completely established, and from this important success we may expect a more rapid progress of the French army in Mexico. On the 29th of March this strong position was carried, with the exception of two forts, and, though the stubborn resistance which was offered may have given rise to the rumours of defeat and failure which were current for a time, it is now certain, from the despatches of General Forey himself, that on the 2nd of April the French occupied so much of the town of Puebla as promised them speedy possession of the remainder.

It was at Puebla that the chief, and perhaps the only, battle of the war was likely to be fought. This town lies about midway on the slope of territory by which the ascent is made from the sea-coast to the table-land on which the city of Mexico is built. The advance of the French from Vera Cruz to the capital would be opposed, it was well known, at this point, and on the events of the struggle the immediate results of the war would probably depend. The details of the battle are full of interest, and will carry the reader back to the campaigns of the French in old Spain. La Puebla appears in the description exactly like a second Saragossa, in which a vast convent of massive stone is converted into an almost impregnable citadel, while every house is fortified after its own fashion and held by a desperate garrison. The French were rather short of ammunition, and could not rely upon artillery for doing the work of the bayonet. The assault, therefore, was a very serious affair; but it was successful.

According to the report of General Forey, the attack on Fort San Xavier was fixed for the 29th of March, and this fort was defended on its western side by a bastion, on the north by a curtain, on the east by a half-moon covering the entrance on the town side, and on the south by an irregular bastion. These works, forming a continuous enceinte, surrounded a vast construction which comprised a Penitentiary connected with the Convent of San Xavier. The whole of this solid structure had a length of 180 metres and a width of 80 metres. It contained three inner courts and various out-houses. The approaches were covered by accessory defensive works, and flanked by numerous works still intact. The defence, therefore, was easy, and the internal arrangements allowed it to be made to the last extremity. It was indispensable to get possession of this great obstacle; and, the engineering works having been brought close up to it, the fire of the artillery destroyed its batteries. The rest was left to the French infantry. The first battalion of Foot Chasseurs and a battalion of the 2nd Zouaves formed the attacking columns, independently of two battalions from the trenches. The execution of this important operation was intrusted to General Bazaine, who, accompanied by his Staff, took the command of the trenches at one p.m. At four p.m. all the French batteries opened a heavy fire on the Penitentiary, which destroyed its outworks. At five p.m., at a given order, that fire ceased. General Bazaine, placed in the fourth parallel, gave the signal. Repeated shouts of "Vive l'Empereur!" responded to it, and the first column, issuing from the trenches, advanced at a charge against Fort Xavier, scaled the parapet, and forced an entrance. The enemy was for a moment disconcerted; but in a few minutes a hail of bullets was sent from the crenelated walls, terraces, and windows upon the besiegers. The Mexicans at the same time opened some masked guns from behind barricades; a field battery placed in front of Fort Carmen also opened fire, as did all the other forts; but this deluge of grape did not stop the advance of the French troops. The second column soon followed the first and forced an entrance into the Penitentiary. The garrison, which consisted of about 700 men, made a show of resistance, but gave way before the impetuosity of the attack. Driven from story to story, from room to room, some of the defenders succeeded in escaping, many fell, and the rest were captured. Trains had been laid in various parts of the building, but, owing to the energy of Captain Barillon, of the Engineers, they were not fired, and no damage was done.

The town of Puebla is important, not only as a military station, but in consequence of its natural and geographical position. It is finely situated on a declivity, nearly 7000 ft. above the sea level, between three hills, at about six miles from the river Atoyac and seventy-five miles east-south-east of Mexico.

The immediate approaches to the town are but little in its favour. In the faubourgs, which abound in dust or mud, according to the season, nothing but ruin and misery are to be met with. But the paved streets are built with mathematical precision, and cross each other at right angles. By degrees, as the centre is approached, the houses become more gay in appearance, the heavy masses of the convents are distinguished, and the large square is arrived at, bordered on one side by the cathedral, and on the other by the Government palace. Among the public buildings of Puebla must be distinguished the churches, which, by their dimensions, the richness of their decorations, and the number of their paintings and sculptures, are not excelled in the old world. The faithful have liberally contributed their wealth and their labour for the embellishment of the buildings devoted to religion. Next to the cathedral, the College of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Episcopal Palace, the Convent of St. Francis, and that of St. Dominique are the most remarkable. The Convent of St. Francois preserves a statue of the Virgin, which, according to tradition, came into America with Hernando Cortez. When the great captain had no longer any need of it he gave it to his ally Axotecalli, of Tlaxcala. This is the least popular of all the saints among the Mexicans, for it bears the epithet of "Victorious," which reminds them of their defeat. The present population of Puebla is estimated at 63,000 souls, and was formerly much more considerable. Not only the convents contained more people, but the manufactories, which are now much reduced, occupied a large number of workmen. Puebla was celebrated for its hats, cotton stuffs, earthenware, soaps, and saddlery articles. It now scarcely lives but upon its former reputation. Its staple industry consists in the production of small figures of wax, which are remarkable for the correctness of their forms and colour.

INDIAN FETE AT SANTA ANNA.

The experiences of the French soldiers are probably so romantic that the long delay necessary to gain any decided advantage is partially compensated by the excitement of a grand tropical country and the thousand discoveries which have so long awaited new pioneers to follow on the footsteps of the first Spanish conquerors. We have already published an engraving of that great forest where the cavalry held their bivouac. Our illustration this week, taken from the drawing of Lieutenant Brunet, represents an Indian fete at a little village called "Santa Anna," near Orizaba. The entertainment was conducted by a band of Indians dressed in fancy costumes, more or less representing the Spaniards of Cortez and the soldiers of Montezuma, who, after meeting in the church where they heard mass, came out into the great square, where a large crowd had already assembled. Here they invoked Montezuma with cries and gestures of violent appeal, afterwards performing a sort of pantomime, supposed to represent the first negotiations between the Spaniards and the chiefs of Mexico and the whole drama of the conquest. This historical burlesque concluded with a wild, heterogeneous dance, conducted by a fresh band of Indians, dressed with true barbaric splendour, and a company of women, whose appearance was even more fantastic. Previous to the execution of the dance a procession was formed, which marched to the clang of a band composed of almost every European instrument, and played entirely without regard to harmony. To this deafening accompaniment the subsequent evolutions were performed. In the first rank of the dancers appeared San Yago, attired as a savage, sitting on a gilded hobby-horse, and holding a cross and a sword, one in each hand. Behind him Hernando Cortez and his companions executed an interminable saraband; while Montezuma and his followers joined in a more complicated feat of terpsichorean skill, and exhibited marvels of intricacy in the way of extravagantly comic figures.

The strangeness of the spectacle was not a little enhanced by the unbroken gravity of the performers, who maintained their Indian stolidity in the midst of the most difficult or the most exciting passages; and it could be easily perceived that the belief in the return of Montezuma still holds a place in their national creed.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 212

THE FRIDAY MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

"What about Friday? There seems to be some mystery about your Friday sittings. Only a week or two back there was a complaint that Government did not make a House on a Friday night. Why should Government make a House? Members, too, regretted some change that had been made. What was that change? And then, only last week, Mr. Layard on Friday seems to have made some blunder on that China question very offensive to Mr. Liddell, who introduced it. Now, all this is very misty to us; do tell us what it all means. We look to you as our instructor and guide in all matters Parliamentary." Such, or something similar, have been the queries put to us from several quarters during the last week. And now, as in duty bound, we proceed to answer these queries as concisely as we can. First, then, as to the change spoken of. On Friday night, until about two years ago, the first motion which came under discussion was, "That the House at its rising do adjourn to Monday next." This motion was rendered necessary by a standing order, to wit, "that, unless the House order to the contrary, the House shall meet every day except Sundays at the usual hour." Now the House, except on special occasions, does not choose to meet on Saturday; and to escape a Saturday's meeting it was necessary to move the adjournment till Monday. Well, as we all remember, this motion for adjournment came to be a great nuisance. All sorts of discussions were introduced, and very frequently it was midnight before the motion was put and carried, and there was no possibility of escape. You could not count the House out; you could not adjourn it; for if you had done one or the other before the motion had been carried the House must have met on the Saturday. And so the talkers had the House by the ears. Every man who could not get a hearing on any other night was safe on Friday night, and Friday night became at last a carnival for bores—a sort of preserve-ground for incompetents, who could disport themselves for any length of time without fear of counts-out or adjournments before their eyes. At last this arrangement became an intolerable nuisance, and was altered; and it was resolved that in future the House, at its rising on Friday night, should, without formal motion made, stand adjourned until Monday at the usual hour. But as a compensation to independent members and to talkers generally it was agreed that the Government should always place "Supply" upon the paper as the first "order of the day," that said independent members might introduce motions upon going into Committee of Supply, and said talkers make speeches, *de omnibus rebus*, as they used to do upon the motion for the adjournment. "Wherein lies the difference, then?" we think we hear some of our readers say. The difference lies here: under the old rule, as we have shown, no count-out was possible, and there was, therefore, no possibility of stopping a bore when once he got possession of the House, because if you had counted out the House it must have met on Saturday. But now a count-out can be worked just as well on Friday as it can on any other day, and it is wonderful how the wholesome fear of a count-out restrains men from bringing forward foolish motions, keeps discussion within due bounds, and compels bores to compress their eloquence into a reasonable space. Thus much, then, for the change which has been talked of.

THE NO HOUSE.

The "no House" on that Friday may be dismissed in a few words. It was said that Government conspired to have "no House." It was said that on the change noticed above being made Government promised always to make a House on Friday, and Lord Palmerston waggishly expressed his regret that no House was made—gave a sort of half promise that the thing should not occur again. Now, on each of these topics a word or two. Government did not conspire to make "no House." There was no conspiracy. The whip of neither party was present. It was a genuine, spontaneous action. Members from both sides of the House were present in the lobby in sufficient numbers to make two Houses. But Lord Robert Montagu had a motion upon the paper, and with one accord, and quite spontaneously, both Whigs and Conservatives refused to go in. Neither is it true that the Government promised to make a House on Friday. Why should Government make a House when it has no business to bring on? It is an old rule, that Government makes the House for its own business, and keeps it. But on nights devoted to independent members said independent members must make and keep the House. And this is a wholesome rule, if we think of it. If forty members will not come or stop to hear Lord R. or Mr. H., not even forty of their own friends, it seems to be pretty clear that what they have to say is not, in the opinion of their friends, very important; and it is unreasonable to expect that the Government should force their people to keep the House merely that two or three incompetents may spout for an hour or two what nobody wants to hear.

CHARGE AGAINST LAYARD.

On Friday in last week the House got into a muddle. The original motion before the House was that the Speaker do now leave the chair, meaning that the House do resolve itself into Committee of Supply. To this motion Mr. Liddell moved an amendment that certain papers connected with China be laid upon the table, and proceeded to make a long speech in support of his motion. He was followed by Mr. H. Baillie, who, of course, also made a speech. And these two by their dreary talk nearly emptied the House. On the Government side there might be twelve members, on the Opposition about six, lounging listlessly on the benches. Mr. Layard, however, was in his place, and was diligently taking notes to enable him to reply; and as matters stood, it seemed as if this Chinese debate would go on, as Chinese debates generally do, for several hours; for was not the inevitable Colonel Sykes upon the watch, and surely on China Mr. White will also have something to say. But, strange to say, the debate suddenly came to an end, and in the most ludicrous way. When Mr. H. Baillie, having seconded the motion, sat down, Mr. Speaker rose to put the question, and this he did in due form—"The original motion was that I do now leave the chair, since which an amendment has been moved to leave out the words after 'now,' in order to insert the following words (to wit, Mr. Liddell's amendment). The question which I have to put is that the words proposed to be left out stand part of the question." And here he looked round, expecting that some one would rise to continue the debate. No one, however, stirred. Sykes was away for the moment. Layard seemed glued to his seat as if by a spell; Seymour Fitzgerald sat watching Layard. Until, at last, the Speaker, tired of waiting, put the question, "Those that are for it, say Aye, those that are against it, say No; the Ayes have it;" and then again, emphatically, "the Ayes have it;" and the affair was over. After it was over, the members seemed to be suddenly aroused from a dream. Mr. Cobden was the first that awoke. "In all his experience he had never seen the like of this. An honourable gentleman had brought forward an important question, which he had treated with great ability, &c. Why did not the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs rise to reply?" &c. And in this strain followed other honourable members. To all which Mr. Layard answered in substance as follows:—"Besides the question mooted by the hon. member for Northumberland (Mr. Liddell), there are four other questions on the paper relating to foreign affairs, all to be moved as amendments upon the motion that the Speaker do leave the chair. By the rules of the House I can only speak once upon this motion. It was necessary, therefore, that I should wait till all these amendments had been made before I rose to address the House. But if the hon. member for Rochdale (Mr. Cobden) was so interested in the question, why did he not arise to prolong the debate?" This is the substance of Mr. Layard's answer; and herein he was entirely right. He could speak but once in answer to all the questions, and he was strictly in order in waiting until he should have all these questions before him. The fact is that this was a case of being caught in your own trap. At least four gentlemen wanted to speak, but neither wished to speak until Mr. Layard had spoken, and whilst they were waiting for him to rise the inexorable fiat of the Speaker was given and they could not speak at all. We have seen this happen before. More than once Mr. Fitzgerald has been so caught. It was a struggle, as our readers will see, for the last word. A said to himself, "I will not speak till B has spoken;" B said, "I will not speak till A has spoken;" and C said, "I will not rise till both A and B

have spoken;" and whilst these gentlemen were each watching the other, suddenly Mr. Speaker rose and put the question, and then neither could speak. Well, it is not of much consequence. The Session is not over yet. Sykes, and Fitzgerald, and White will find further opportunities to deliver themselves of their speeches. For speeches are not like poor Mr. Stiers's fish, which if not consumed to-night is unpressurable to-morrow. Sometimes we wish that they were so. But, alas! as we have too often to experience, when once a speech has been cooked we are sure to have it served up in some form or other, or, possibly, in many forms. It was only the other day that Mr. Ferrand presented us with a hash of stale speeches which were originally prepared sixteen years ago, and they were just as good as ever. The material the same; the flavour the same; and the condiments as fiery, if only the taste for such things had not changed. The dish was just as good as it was when it was first cooked; but in sixteen years the taste of the guests had altered.

MARQUIS OF HARTINGTON.

We shall not soon forget the effect upon certain members of the house, and they not few in number, of the announcement that the Marquis of Hartington was to be the Under Secretary for War, and take the management of the business of the War Department in the House. "It is an insult to the House," said one. "The cheekiest thing I ever heard of," said another; "but it is like old Pam." "It is very bad, I must confess," said a cautious old gentleman, who has lived long enough to speak with reserve. "However, let us trust there may be more in him than we know." "Ah! there's nothing in him, I'll venture to say; and if he had not been a Duke's son he would have stood no more chance of being Under Secretary for War than I should," exclaimed a young sprig, as he lounged against the door of the House. And perhaps this was the strongest condemnation of the appointment that had been uttered; for only think of young "Noddy" as Under Secretary for War, or, indeed, in any other office, except it might be one of those snug traditional berths in which a man has nothing to do but to take his salary and hold his tongue! The appointment, however, was certainly a very strange one to outsiders, by which we mean those who have never been within the charmed circle of the "Upper Ten," and have no means of knowing more of the scions of the great houses than one can gather from their looks; for the Marquis of Hartington, as he lounges into the House with his hands in his pockets, in that easy nonchalant manner of his, does not strike the beholder as having any special capacity for governing. On the contrary, you would take him to be, from his appearance, about as commonplace a person as you would find in a day's march. But we remember that a very experienced, sharp-sighted official said to us, very emphatically, when we were talking about this appointment, "You are all mistaken; there is some good, solid stuff in this young fellow; and in my opinion this will turn out to be a very capital appointment." Another member of Parliament—one who, if not within, stands upon the very verge of the sacred inclosure of higher life—gave a similar opinion. "Wait awhile," said he, "and you will find that the Marquis will turn out better than you imagine." And now how do matters stand? Are there any signs of these last prophecies being fulfilled? Well, the time is young yet; but, nevertheless, his Lordship has several times appeared before the House, and it is but fair to say, has gained greatly in the opinion of the members. He will never be an eloquent speaker. He has neither the affluence of language nor the manner of an orator. But hitherto he has done his work well. He has shown that, notwithstanding all that nonchalance of manner which would lead you to suppose that he was indolent in mind and body, he can master his subject—which means that he can work; and also that what he has mastered himself he can explain to others clearly and concisely. And here we leave his Lordship, with the expression of a well-grounded hope that, if he do not achieve a high position as a debater, he will gain the character of an able, solid, and useful administrator.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, MAY 15.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN.

The Earl of ELLENBOROUGH introduced the subject of Schleswig-Holstein by asking whether the Government consented to produce any further correspondence relating to the Schleswig-Holstein question, and especially whether they were prepared to communicate any representations which might have been made to the Danish Government by Austria and Prussia with regard to the King of Denmark's proclamation of the 31st of March last.

Earl RUSSELL said that it appeared to him that both Germans and Danes, being heated by their differences, had alike fallen into error and made demands and done acts which were not to be justified. Germany was wrong in her demands, and Denmark was wrong in not redeeming the engagements into which she had entered. He had proposed that Schleswig and Holstein should be divided and have a separate budget, but this recommendation had not been adopted.

After some remarks from the Earl of Derby the subject dropped.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

FORCED LABOUR IN EGYPT.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. D. Griffith, said that both the Sultan and the Pacha of Egypt had determined to put an end to all forced labour in Egypt. England and France would support that determination.

CHINA.

Mr. LIDDELL called attention to events in China, with the view of obtaining an expression of opinion by the House upon the course of policy pursued by her Majesty's Government in that country, which led to some discussion, which was brought to a sudden termination owing to no Minister rising to speak on the subject. Several members denounced such a course of conduct, which brought out Mr. Layard, who explained that he was holding back to answer other questions of which notice had been given.

MONDAY, MAY 18.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

A conversation took place on the subject of the Federal interruption to our commerce. In answer to a complaint from the Marquis of Clanricarde, Earl Russell defended the conduct of Mr. Seward and the American prize courts. The Earl of Derby also counselled forbearance with the Federal Government.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

The Prison Ministers Bill was, after some discussion, read a third time. The House then went into Committee of Supply, and, on the vote for the packet service, a long debate took place on the contract between the Government and Mr. J. G. Churchward for the conveyance of the mails between Dover and Calais and Dover and Ostend.

TUESDAY, MAY 19.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

ACTS OF UNIFORMITY AMENDMENT BILL.

Lord Ebury moved the second reading of the Act of Uniformity Amendment Bill, the object of the measure being the repeal of the clause imposing upon clergymen the necessity of subscribing to the Thirty-nine Articles and to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer.

After a long discussion, in which the Bishops were the chief speakers, the bill was rejected on a division by 90 votes against 50.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

After some discussion relating to the dismissal of Mr. Magee, the British Vice-Consul at Mobile, and the conduct of the Prussian Government in affording assistance to the Russian troops engaged in suppressing the insurrection in Poland, the House of Commons was occupied last night in discussing the position of the Established Church of Ireland, consequent on a motion of Mr. Dillwyn for a Select Committee to inquire how far the present disposition of endowments for religious purposes in Ireland may be so amended as to conduce to the welfare of all classes of her Majesty's Irish subjects.

A great variety of topics were discussed in a more or less desultory manner, after which the House adjourned for the Whitsuntide holidays till Thursday next.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION BUILDING.

In answer to the Duke of Rutland, Earl GRANVILLE said the site of the Exhibition of 1862 belonged to the commissioners for the Exhibition of 1861, and the building belonged to the contractors. No definite answer had been received to the proposition to purchase it, but as soon as something definite had been arrived at the matter would be brought before Parliament. The House adjourned to the 1st of June.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1863.

EMBRYO LEGISLATION FOR VOLUNTEERS.

It has happened before now that an overlooked clause in a speciously advantageous statute has been the parent of much trouble and difficulty. Perhaps some occasion of this kind may have caused the alarm under which the London citizens now labour in reference to the Ludgate-hill viaduct. Certainly examples are not rare of the smuggling, under cover of plausible statutes, of enactments wholly contraband when considered relatively to the spirit of the Constitution.

Our attention has been directed to the Volunteers Bill, at present in its passage through Parliament, and which has already passed a second reading. It is proposed that the House of Commons shall go into Committee thereupon on the 1st proximo. The bill pretends to consolidate and amend the Acts relating to the volunteer force, and it offers certain pecuniary assistance to volunteer regiments in respect of effective members. But, as the *Times* says, "of course the volunteers surrender a little of their independence in return for this support."

What can the *Times* mean? One can understand that the leading journal may consider a surrender of "a little independence" a desirable exchange for a certain amount of support; but this is not the morality of Englishmen in a general way, or, even in a more restricted sense, of the English press. We refer to the bill itself for a clue to the enigma. And there, indeed, it is to be found readily enough. For instance, while by sec. 7 the old rule is re-enacted that a volunteer not on actual service may quit his corps upon fourteen days' notice, in a subsequent paragraph it is added that, "if the commanding officer refuse to strike him out of the muster-roll, the volunteer may appeal to two Deputy-Lieutenants, or one Deputy-Lieutenant and a justice of the peace for the county, whose decision shall be final." In other words, if a commanding officer refuse to do that which he is enjoined to do by statute, the only resource of the aggrieved party is by a reference to the judicial personages already described, who may at their pleasure decide that a volunteer may continue—in despite of right, etymology, and common sense—a volunteer against his will.

By sec. 12 permission is kindly given to her Majesty to discontinue the services of any volunteer corps "or any part thereof." This might be courteously extended, so as to enable her Majesty to dispense with the services of any notoriously inattentive or otherwise unfit commanding officer of volunteers, without thereby necessitating the dispersion of a regiment.

Sec. 24 gives to the members of the corps power to make rules for the management of their own "property, finances, and civil affairs," but it also renders this power utterly nugatory, by ordering that "such rules shall not have effect unless the commanding officer thinks fit to transmit the same to the Lieutenant of the county," unless, moreover, such Lieutenant "thinks fit" to submit the same for her Majesty's approval, and unless, as the reader may imagine, her Majesty approve the same. But herein the reader will be too fast, for the "Lord Lieutenant"—whoever this mighty personage may be—may, nevertheless, set all such rules and approval at naught, if he choose not to notify such approval to the commanding officer. We refer to this section as a triumph either of stupidity or of egregious pettifogging on the part of its framers.

But the chief sting of this bill lies in section 21. It is not too much to say that this clause throws every volunteer, whether on actual service or not, at the mercy of his commanding officer. We give it *in extenso* in another part of our Paper. To understand its force, it is necessary to premise that any member discharged from a volunteer corps is thereby incapacitated from service in any other—in other words, disgraced and dishonoured for life. Now, by this clause, a volunteer may be so discharged, disgraced, and dishonoured for a fault not proved, justifiable, excusable, even non-existent, it may be, at the will of his commanding officer. The offence may have been committed by some one else, not committed at all, or be utterly insufficient to warrant any punishment whatever, and yet the volunteer may, upon the mere allegation or supposition of such a cause, be punished without appeal. The idea is more than ludicrous, it is a burlesque when it appears as a proposal for British legislation. And yet, but for the chance direction of public notice that way, it might have been law in a month. We have every respect for the commanding officers of volunteers. Chiefly of the aristocratic order, they have generally been apt to appreciate the novel position of being placed at the head of earnest, thoroughly independent men. Occasionally, there have been accidents, when they have had for the first time to learn that the Englishman of the trading or professional class, though meek and subservient in his business, is, out of it, nevertheless thoroughly true to himself in insisting upon proper regard by others of his own self-respect. But we can scarcely believe that any commanding officer, however painfully he may have been compelled to learn this lesson, can have been sufficiently obtuse to encourage the proposition of such a clause as this in hope of its success. We have no fear of

its ever passing through Committee. Such a piece of sly legislation, like an area sneak in a kitchen cupboard, ceases to be dangerous from the moment of detection. Here is a clause by which the English volunteer is called upon to surrender all right of being heard in self-defence—all right of protest against every accusation, however exaggerated, malicious, absurd, or false—in order to throw a totally unnecessary and thoroughly arbitrary power into the hands of a few aristocratic personages upon whom a share in the direction of a great national movement has been bestowed as a compliment. Argument upon such a matter would be a mere waste of time. We are satisfied with directing public attention to the obnoxious provisions of this bill—provisions which we can scarcely conceive their framers will have the audacity to stand forward to defend.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN arrived at Balmoral at a quarter to four o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS OF WALES has consented to become a patroness of the Infant Orphan Asylum, Wanstead, and has forwarded a liberal contribution to its funds.

PRINCE NAPOLEON has presented Ismail Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, with the grand cordon of the Legion of Honour.

THE DUKE OF CHARTRES, second son of the late Duke of Orleans, is about to marry his cousin, the daughter of the Prince de Joinville.

THE LORDS OF THE ADMIRALTY have abolished the system of superannuation in her Majesty's dockyards.

A MARRIAGE is about to take place between the Hon. Georgiana Copley, daughter of Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, and Mr. Ducane, M.P. for North Essex.

THE STATE OF AFFAIRS IN LANCASHIRE is gradually becoming more satisfactory.

THE BHORE GHAT INCLINE of the Great India Peninsular Railway has been successfully opened.

IN A FEW DAYS the whole of the planets known to the ancients will be visible in the heavens.

FIELD MARSHAL LORD CLYDE is very seriously indisposed, and it is feared that the gallant veteran's malady threatens the heart.

A MONUMENT TO THE POET SCHILLER, which has been erected at Munich by the ex-King Ludwig, was publicly inaugurated by his Majesty last week in presence of a large assembly of the members of the learned and scientific societies of the Bavarian capital.

THE CORPORATION OF BLACKBURN is applying to Government for a loan of £70,000 to be expended on public works.

"DEERFOOT" has at last quitted our shores, carrying with him upwards of a thousand pounds as the fruit of his running labours.

THE QUEEN has been pleased to signify her intention to confer the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Francis Sandford, Secretary to her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1862.

THE GREAT EASTERN, which started from the Mersey, on Saturday, on another trip across the Atlantic, took over 600 passengers and about 2000 tons of cargo.

AN INTERCOLONIAL TARIFF CONFERENCE was being held at Melbourne when the last mail left, for the purpose of bringing about uniformity in the tariffs of the various Australian colonies.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN has announced that as soon as 10,000 negroes are mustered into the service he will give General Fremont the command of that division, and name it "The President's Black-guards."

A MATRIMONIAL ALLIANCE is on the tapis between the Hon. R. Cavendish, son of General Cavendish, and Miss Cockburn, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Alexander Cockburn, Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

A DEPUTATION OF TRADES UNIONISTS waited on Lord Palmerston on Monday evening to present an address of sympathy with Poland, and urged him to remonstrate with Russia; and if that was not attended to, to "traah her into compliance." The noble Lord promised to submit the memorial to his colleagues, but, remarking that engaging in war was a grave matter, declined to commit himself to any line of conduct.

A FIRE broke out in the house of Dr. Galati, a physician at Pera, Constantinople, on the 3rd inst., in which the doctor himself, his wife, two of his children, and three or four other persons, were either burnt to death or killed in attempting to escape.

GENERAL BUTLER RECENTLY STATED, before a military commission, that intoxication existed to a most awful extent among the Federal soldiers. Many of them concealed spirits in their rifle barrels.

THE PUGIL MEMORIAL COMMITTEE, having raised a fund of £1000, have resolved to place it at the disposal of the Institute of British Architects, in trust for the establishment of a students' travelling fund, under certain conditions.

THE TRUSTEES OF THE PEABODY FUND have nearly completed an arrangement for the purchase of a portion of the so long vacant ground in Victoria-street, Holborn-hill, for the purpose of erecting dwellings as contemplated by the munificent donor of the fund.

ONE OF THE LAST NOTICES OF MOTION given by the late Mr. Western Wood, M.P., at a court of the Fishmongers' Company, was that it should give the cost of a life-boat to the National Life-boat Institution. The subject is to be considered at the next meeting of the company, when, no doubt, the motion will be unanimously agreed to by the court.

GEORGE III. HELD DRAWINGROOMS much more frequently than they are held at present. To quote the *Court Guide* of 1792, "the King's levee days are Wednesday and Friday, and likewise Monday during the sitting of Parliament; his Drawingroom days every Sunday and Thursday."

A FEDERAL FORCE under General Dodge, which has been doing service in Alabama, is known by the name of the "Jackass Brigade." The men belong to the infantry branch of the service, but are all mounted on mules. When they meet the enemy they dismount and do their fighting on foot.

ONE OF THE PARIS THEATRES, the Châtelet, announces a new piece, founded on the novel of "Lady Audley's Secret," and entitled "Le Secret de Miss Audrey." The veteran actor Frederick Lemaître is to sustain one of the characters.

A MAN NAMED BROOKMYRES was stabbed in a street quarrel at Maryhill, near Glasgow, on Saturday night last, by another man with whom he had a quarrel, against whom Brookmyres drew the knife with which he himself received his death wound.

A LADY AND GENTLEMAN returning from a ball given at Marseilles were overtaken by a thunderstorm, and, to the surprise of the gentleman, he suddenly found his fair companion enveloped in flames, the electric fluid having communicated with the steel of the crinoline and ignited her dress.

A HORSE which was harnessed to a gig ran away in Regent-street the other day, and in its career came in contact with a cab, through which it dashed itself at one side, its head and shoulders protruding at the other. Both the gig and the cab were completely smashed, but neither of the drivers sustained any injury.

IN THE FEDERAL ARMY there are 74 Major-Generals, whose pay is 5000 dols. each per annum. A Major-General is allowed three Aides-de-Camp, whose pay is 1500 dols. each. There are 284 Brigadier-Generals, whose pay is 4000 dols. each per annum. Every Brigadier-General has two Aides-de-Camp; their pay is 1500 dols. each.

THE ACADEMICAL SENATE and the Municipality of Helsingfors, in Finland, have refused to sign an address of devotion to the Emperor of Russia in relation to the Polish insurrection. The inhabitants of Abo, the second capital of Finland, have also refused to sign the address recommended to all the Russian provinces by the military governors.

SIR RODERICK MURCHISON makes public a most gratifying piece of news—namely, that Consul Peherick, who was reported dead, is alive. He arrived at Gondokow, on the White Nile, on the 23rd of February, and there joined Captain Speke and Captain Grant, who have discovered the source of the Nile. That source they proclaim to be the great Lake Victoria Nyanza.

EXTRACT FROM THE PROPOSED "VOLUNTEER ACT, 1863."—The following is section 21 of the above-mentioned Act, alluded to in a leading article of our Impression of this day:—"The commanding officer of a volunteer corps may discharge from the corps any volunteer, and strike him out of the muster-roll, either for disobedience of orders by him while doing any military duty with his corps, or for neglect of duty, or misconduct by him as a member of the corps, or for other sufficient cause—the existence and sufficiency of such causes respectively to be judged of by the commanding officer. The volunteer so discharged shall, nevertheless, be liable to deliver up in good order, fair wear and tear only excepted, all arms, clothing, and appointments, being public property or property of his corps, issued to him, and to pay all money due or becoming due by him, under the rules of his corps, either before or at the time or by reason of his discharge, for any subscription or fine, or on any other account. But nothing herein shall prevent her Majesty from signifying her pleasure in such manner, and giving such directions, with respect to any such case of discharge, as to her Majesty may appear just and proper."

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

A REPORT got into the papers last week, which caused no small stir in certain political circles. It was said that Lord Clarence Paget was appointed to the command of the West India fleet, vice Sir Alexander Milne, and straightway the Conservative agents began to look out for a man to stand for Sandwich, and speculation was rife as to the successor of Lord Clarence as Secretary to the Admiralty. It was very quickly settled that Sir Frederick Grey, naval Lord of the Admiralty, was to go to Sandwich as the Government candidate, and, if he could get in, to take the Admiralty business in the House. But who was to be the Secretary of the Admiralty I could not learn. However, the report is a canard, I believe, from beginning to end.

Wanted, a good Conservative, with plenty of money, to stand for the City. What do you say to Lord John Manners? Won't do. My Lord Mayor has held out the tempting bait to his Lordship. Tempting in the eyes of the Lord Mayor, but to Lord John not so tempting. He is now a county member; and he cannot see, at present, that it is more honourable to represent a city than it is to sit for a county. Besides, he has got the county; whereas, the election for the City, as everything future must be, is doubtful. And, moreover, say some, why should we seek for a Lord when we have so many princes—merchant princes—of our own. Thomas Baring has been also mentioned, but he, having the warning fate of Cubitt before his eyes, doubts the policy of giving up a certain seat to throw for an uncertain one. Mr. Kirkman Hodgson, governor of the Bank of England, now member for Bridport, is said to be the Liberal man. Sheriff Lawrence wanted to stand, but he is returning officer, and thereby disqualified.

The following extract from a letter received from Perth will correct a mistake of mine in last week's number:—

Perth, May 17.

Mr. Lounger.—The petition presented by Mr. Black from 36,103 adult male citizens of Edinburgh was in favour of, and not against, opening the Botanic Gardens on Sundays. It is quite true another petition was presented (by, I think, the Lord Advocate), against opening the gardens, the signatures of which exceeded the other by some three or four thousand. But, whilst the petition favourable to the opening was signed by adult males alone, the one against the opening was signed by men and women, boys and girls. It was got up by the narrowest-minded of the clergy and their abettors; its existence was intimated from most of the pulpits; members of congregations were strongly urged to sign it; sheets of it were taken to all the Sunday schools and the scholars made to sign it; the church bibles hawked it about amongst the pewholders of their respective churches; and females were not only got to sign it themselves, but were, in many instances, induced to put down the names of their kinsmen who were absent attending to business, some of whom had actually signed the rival petition.

I this day dropped into the Royal Academy to see Phillip's picture of the House of Commons, 1860. And here is my opinion of it. It is as bad a picture as I ever saw upon the walls of the exhibition, which is saying a good deal. It is not a picture of the House of Commons—but only of a few square yards of the House. All the likenesses, except that of "Old Henley," are poor, and some of them miserably bad. Men are made to sit where they never sit, and to stand where they never stand. For example, Lord Charles Russell, the Serjeant-at-Arm, is chatting with the Speaker. Sometimes, but very rarely, his Lordship goes to the Speaker to ask a question; but it is a misrepresentation to place him in such a position in a picture of the House of Commons. Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt—if that misty figure looming in the dusk be really the member for North Wilts—is or stands under the Reporters' Gallery; but who ever saw him there? Lord John Manners is stuck on the steps in front of Mr. Sotheron-Estcourt, a place which he never occupies; and other figures, both on the Ministerial and Opposition side, are also out of their places. And then, as to the drawing, this surely cannot be correct. Disraeli, Lord Stanley, General Peel, and Bulwer-Lytton are clearly sitting close to the table, with their knees underneath; whereas, from the table to the back of the bench must be a distance of six feet. In short, the picture is a failure, and the sooner it is consigned to the dark room up stairs the better.

The intention to form a collection of the pictures excluded from the Royal Academy by the decision of the council, and to open it for public exhibition, is, I believe, definitely abandoned, so far at least as the majority of the excluded artists are concerned. Something of the same sort was tried, if my recollection serves me rightly, in the early days of pre-Raphaelitism, and there was a little gallery in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, the *piece de résistance* of which was Mr. Madox Brown's "Last of England," while there were also some gems of Mr. Dante Rossetti. As a pecuniary result, this little exhibition was, I think, a failure, and a similar fate would, probably, have attended any similar attempt nowadays. Besides, *quis custodiet custodes ipsos*? Shall the rejected reject any contribution, and who shall be the hangers? No, better leave it alone; many heartburnings will be saved, and the rejected have had full vengeance through the instrumentality of the press.

Since writing the above I have received a card of invitation to a private view of "a selection of pictures (not hung at the Academy for want of space)" exhibited at the Cosmopolitan Club. The irony of the passage in parentheses is delicious. I will report on the collection next week.

Surely the depth of misery was reached on the Derby Day! It was utterly useless to feign hilarity; and every one gave way to unrestrained melancholy. Everything was thoroughly wretched; and more wretched than anything else was an open carriage conveying the turned cream of literature back to town. A black man with a cold in his head is said to be an appalling object; but a soaked cynic, a damp poet, and a slashing-article writer limp with rain, were very awful to look at. It is curious to notice that, in 1843, the Two Thousand and the Derby were won by the same horse—Cotherstone; ten years after, in 1853, the same races were won by the same horse—West Australian; and now, exactly ten years after, Macaroni wins them both. I was told on the course that the "head" by which the race was won was gained by Chaloner, in his extremity, hitting Macaroni under his jaw just as he flew past the judge's chair, and thus causing him to throw out his head.

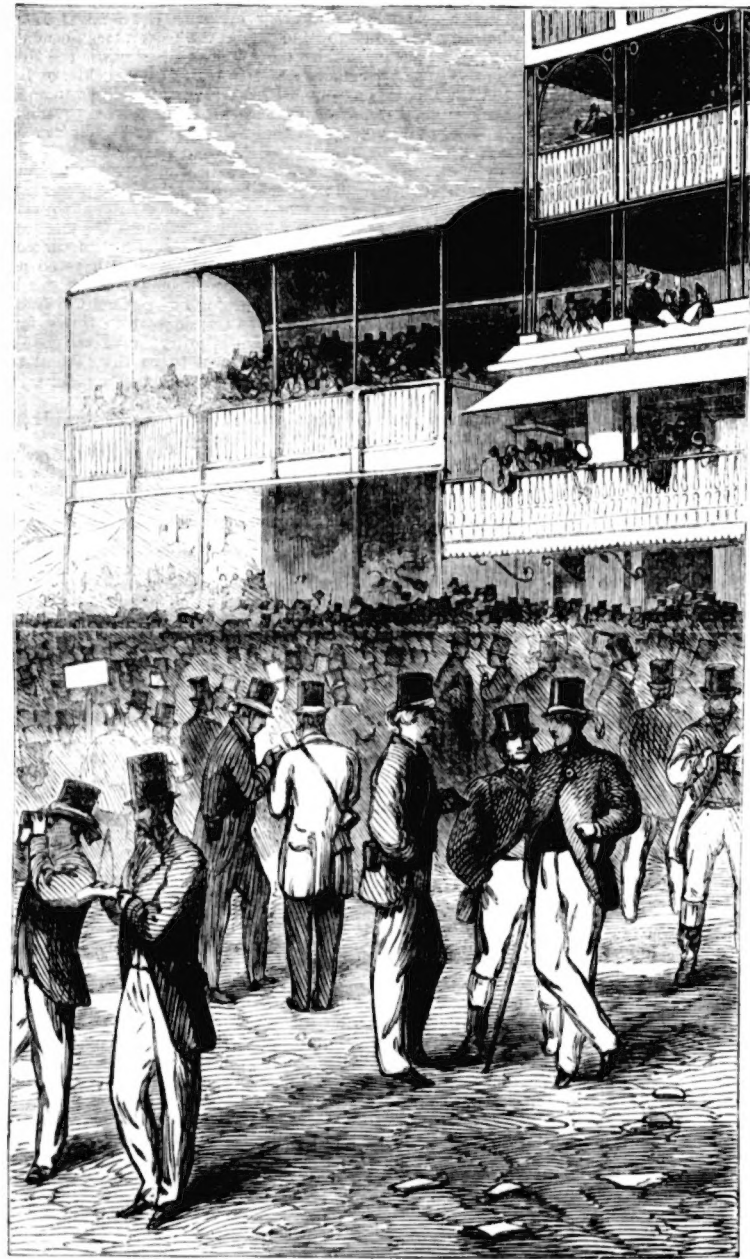
Of course everybody has seen the announcements of the "Working-men's excursion to Paris" for 25s. Why the "Working-men's?" If the railway companies can afford to charge about half their usual fares, and make an unusual profit by the increase of demand, why not act upon the fact? Do you think that this cheap excursion will be bonâ fide that of working men? I am certain it will not. It will be a grand opportunity for all who wish to go to Paris "on the cheap," but Saug the joiner and Quince the carpenter will not be of the party. Bonemia will contribute not a few voyageurs; poor old ladies, living upon scanty dividends and longing for an escape from stuffy London lodgings; and Stigginses, craving for the *kulos* to be got out of abusing the awful wickedness of the Continental Sunday, will crowd the train. Jacques and Pierre, from the Faubourg St. Antoine, hurrying to the station of the Chemin de Fer du Nord, will there encounter, not the sullen, stolid followers of Potter, but lively-looking, carelessly-costumed, long-limbed, bearded Britons who will pass heedlessly by Pierre and Jacques to shake hands and chatter in the glibest French with Achille of the *Almanach pour Rire*, with Hector of the *Variétés*, and Victor of the *Illustration*. After the visit, essays and papers thereabout will be as common as peas in our London magazines and periodicals. Well, this is no harm, and I for one do not complain of it. But why lug in the working man, who has no more to do with the matter than I with the trades' unions.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

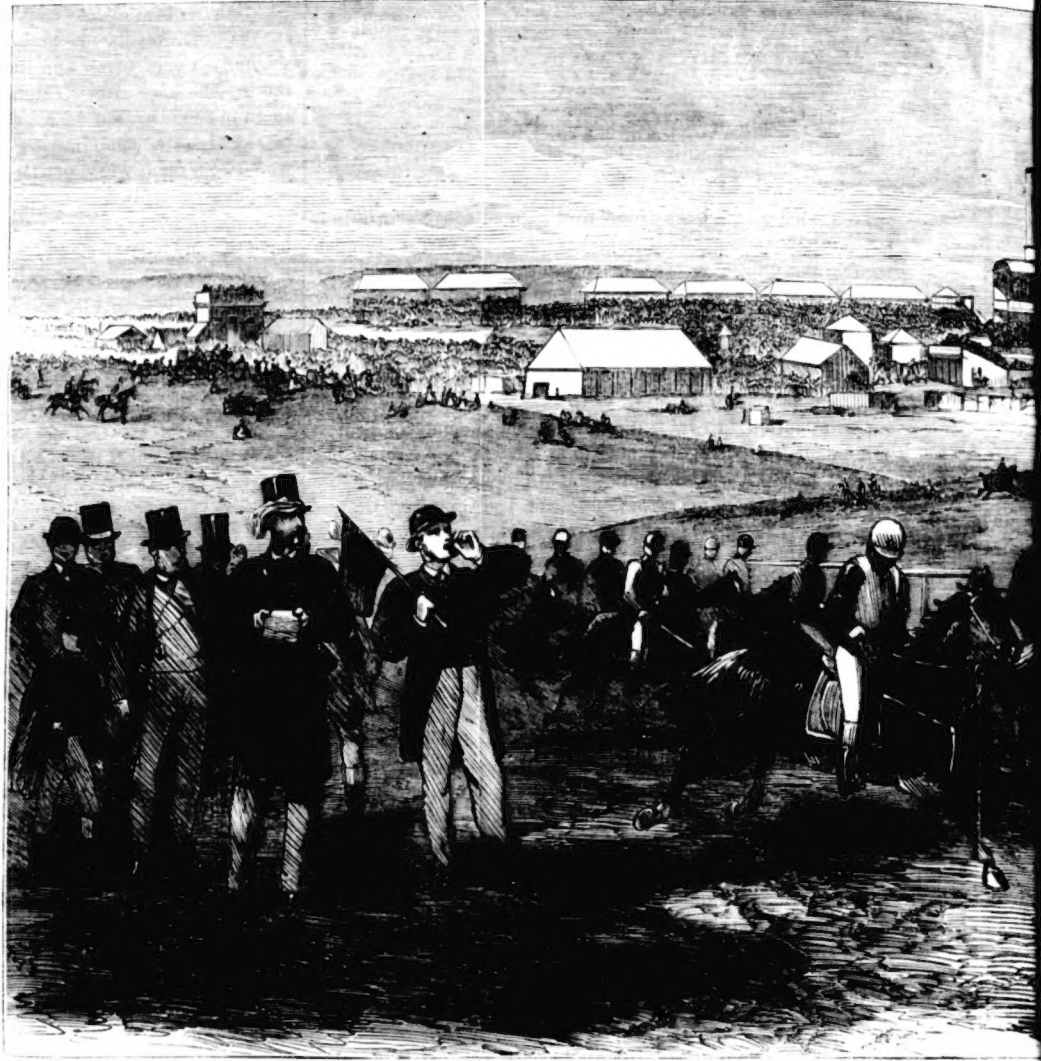
Lady Gifford's play of "Finesse," produced on Saturday at the Haymarket, is a success, but, I should think, will not prove pecuniarily attractive. It is a comic drama, rather than a comedy, and has purely farce points in it. Mr. Buckstone, dressed as a sailor, quid-chewing and "smuggling," is certainly out of place in genuine comedy. The weight of the piece, such as it is, falls on Mr. Wigan, who acts with his usual artistic ease, and, aided by his wife and Mr. Buckstone, helps one to forget the improbabilities of the plot and the antiquity of some of its incidents.

Every one should see "The Wooden-spoon Maker" (what a title!) at the ADELPHI—not for the piece, which is weak, but for Mr. Webster's acting, which is perfect.

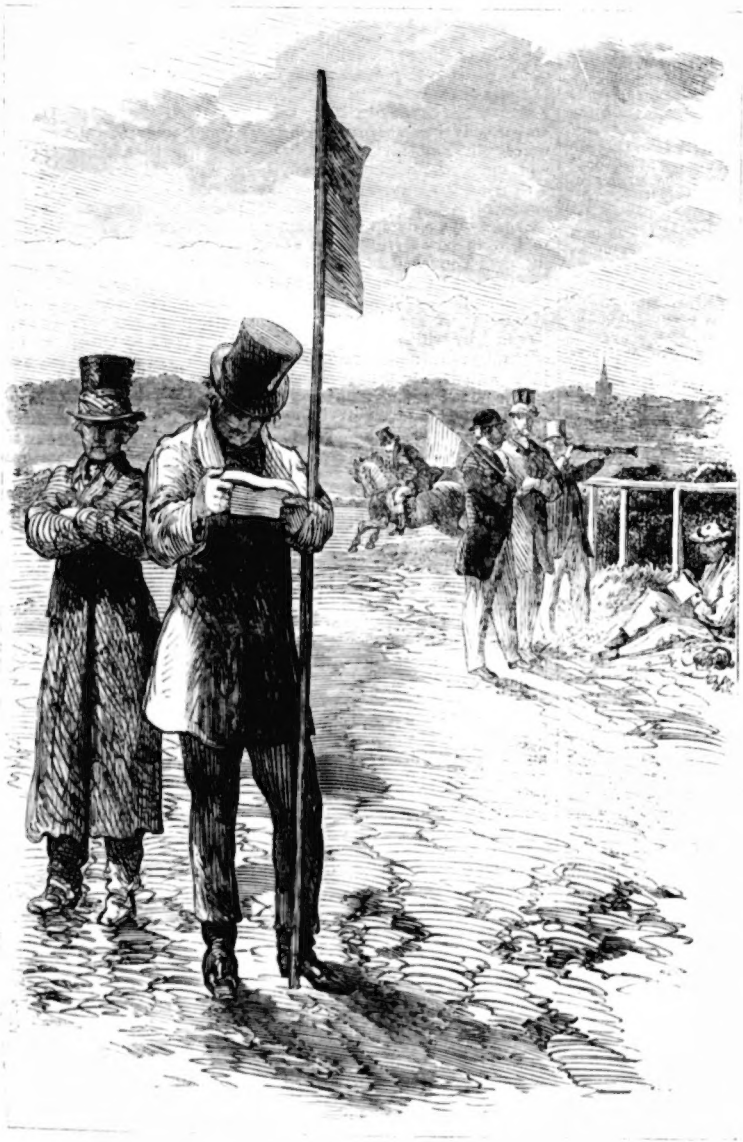
The benefit for Mr. Rogers's family was a great success.



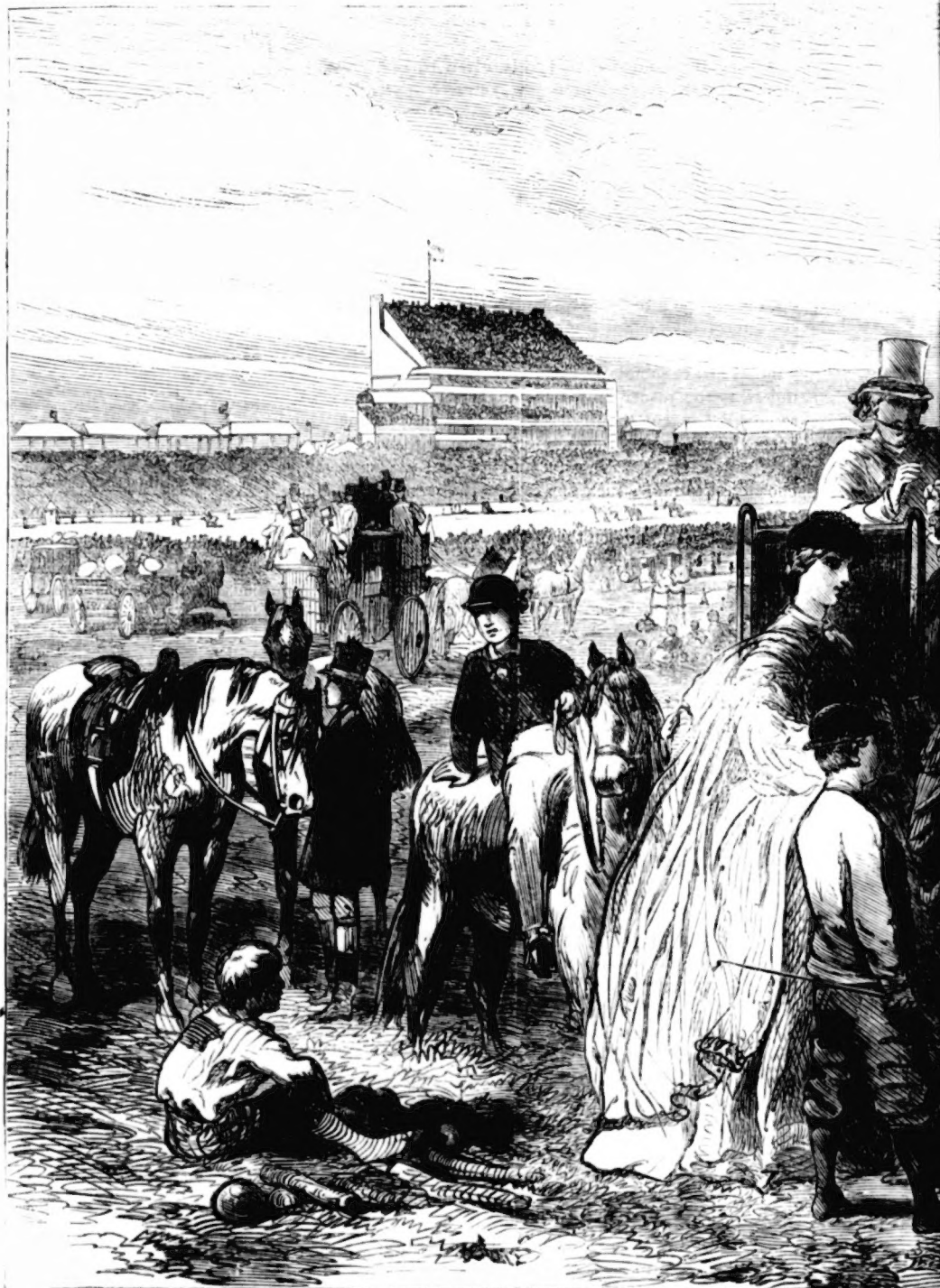
THE BETTING-RING.



THE START

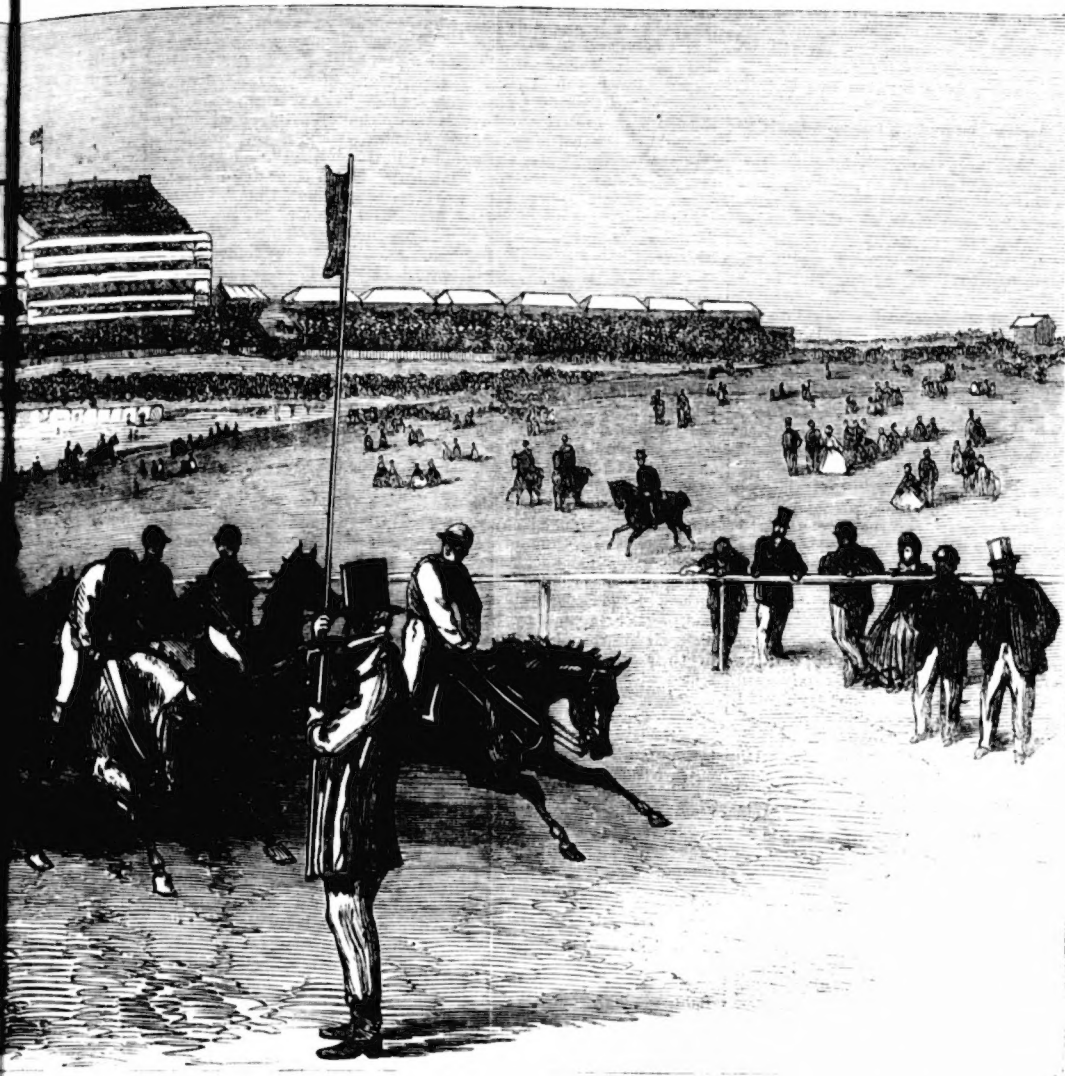


THE THREE-QUARTER-MILE DISTANCE—THE STARTER WAITING.



E P S O M D O W N S O N

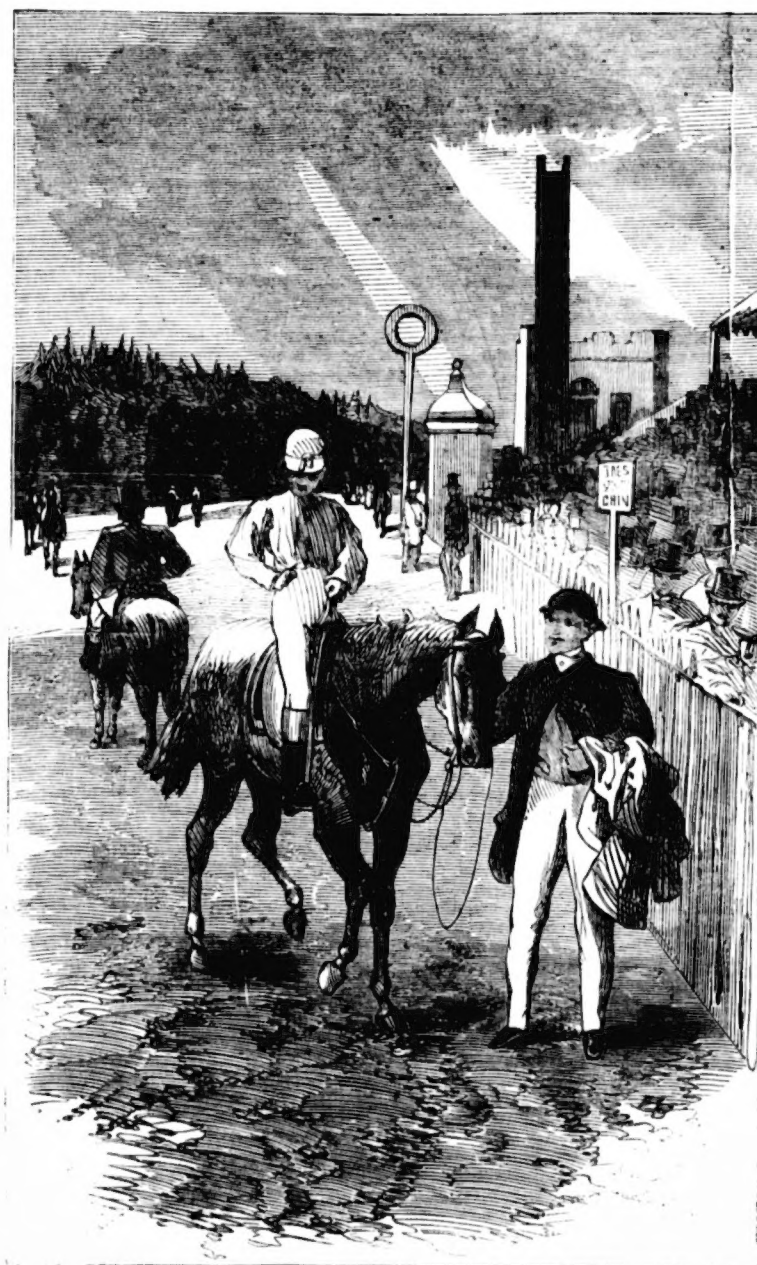
THE DERBY DAY.



FOR THE DERBY.



THE DERBY DAY.



COMING UP TO THE STAND FROM THE PADDOCK.



JOCKEYS AND TRAINERS COMING UP TO THE STARTING-PLACE.

THE DERBY, FROM A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

My perverse and cynical nature never yet allowing me to get anything like "fun" out of "going to the Derby," said I to myself, suppose—especially as the weather-glass insists on "rain"—by way of a change, we on this occasion reverse the order, and, instead of going to the Derby, let the Derby come to us. At all events, there was novelty in the idea; so on Tuesday, May the 19th, I betook myself to London Bridge railway station, and there taking train, arrived in Epsom as serene and tranquil as an Epsom cheese-monger returning from giving orders in London. In my search after lodgings, however, I found myself treated anything but like a native. I might have put up at one of the many Epsom inns, but to have done so would have been to depart from the strict letter of my plan, inasmuch as I should be then going among Derbyites of the worst sort, it being the custom of the common turf-hunter—the "commercial" in the betting line—to come down on Monday and comfortably establish himself by the time of the great event. So I cast about for private lodgings, and finally secured them on the second floor of a house not far from the railway station, the said floor possessing the advantage of windows looking up and down the street. After dinner, by which time it was waning towards evening I strolled into the town to see what were the preparations for the coming of the Derby.

They were entirely in the victualling line. The shops of the bakers were stored with loaves from the counters to the ceiling. The ham and beef shops were so tight with cooked meats that they threatened to split. The confectioners' premises looked as though the proprietors had been baking and boarding pastry since they first set up in business; even the little gimcrack shanties of the barber, the cobbler, and the coaldealer had been whitewashed, and had their dingy window boards covered with snowy cloths, on which reposed mountains of boiled and roast. You might know by the half-soled boot on the sill of the cobbler's garret window, that he was for the present doing his cobbling in the bedroom. But the barber was evidently a man with no heart for two businesses; he wore a big apron and a white cap, and was every inch a cock-shop keeper; even the board swinging at the end of his pole, and which bore the legend "hair-cutting, 3d.," was covered with a placard announcing "brisket, eighteen-pence;" "round, one and eightpence." It seemed a pity that the barber could not remain a cock-shop man for ever, he looked so contented. In imagination he had sliced up and sold every ounce of his round and brisket, and treated himself to a blue satin waistcoat and a "union" pin out of the profits. Regarded as a town doomed to certain invasion, the placidity of Epsom was wonderful; the townsmen smoked their evening pipes in the tavern parlours, their wives and daughters went peacefully about their ordinary domestic businesses, while their little ones played marbles and hopscotch on the highway. The only sign of bustle was at the parish pump, about which was congregated a swarm of vehicles, from the lowly handbarrow to the two-donkey dray, laden with tubs, and casks, and barrels which, when filled, were dragged away round the corner and up the steep hill which led to the distant Downs. Water is a precious commodity on Epsom Downs on the Derby Day, and if you should desire as much as a paill of it, it will cost you a shilling.

I believe that one of the chief incentives to my whim, that the Derby should come to me instead of my going to it, was that I might learn something of the manner of its coming. Did it filter in from many points and was absorbed by the town imperceptibly? or did it come in a flood, head on, like a river that has broken its boundary, pouring in with a rush and a rattle all day long, till, by and by, the great sea of workaday life, London, reclaimed its own and the tide turned, and the flood retreated, leaving Epsom lonely and bare? Again, at what time in the morning might the inundation be expected to give token of its coming?

Not in the morning at all, it seemed; but even now as I was musing. It was nearly dark—nine o'clock, perhaps, and drizzling rain miserably; and, having strolled down the road leading to London, I looked about and saw looming through the twilight a shambling, halting company of seven people coming towards me. Two of them were elderly men, and the rest, as I could make out on their closer approach, were lads of eighteen or so. They did not walk together as friends on the road should, but straggled in ones and twos. First, an old man and a lad, then a lad by himself, and soon, the other old man bringing up the rear; bringing it up, too, as though it were weary-old work and he had a great mind to lie down on the springy turf he was dragging his feet along, and leave the office of rear man to the sixth. They were all very muddy—an evil capable of speedy remedy; for out of the pockets of at least three of them protruded a clothes-brush; and all very famished and faint-looking—a more serious evil, and one incapable of amelioration from the pockets of the company, singly or combined. When they came up to me, the lad who was with the first old man addressed me.

"Gav'ner, this here's Epsom, ain't it?"

"Yes, my lad."

"Well, then, this 'ere is where the races is, ain't it?"

"No; the races are held on the Downs—second turning to the left, and about two miles up the hill."

"Oh, I'm jiggered!" replied the young man ruefully, and looking twice as tired as before; "so he told me," jerking his thumb in the direction of the old man, his companion, "but I wouldn't believe it. Talk about twenty-two miles from Whitechapel—why, it's forty! Blowed if it ain't more'n forty!" And he looked at me with savage defiance as though he thought that as a cool and self-possessed inhabitant I should probably contradict his assertion.

"It is only twenty-two, I tell you once more," observed the old man. "I should know, I think; I've come a brushing here before you was born. Likewise at Apsit."

By this time the other five had come up, including the other old man, who carried in a cotton handkerchief a bundle as big as a couple of bricks would make. They all looked so very forlorn that I almost wished they had been beggars instead of striving folks, who would walk forty-four miles and perform no end of brushing for the sake of earning three or four shillings. At least, I thought I may give the most tired old man a job, so I said to him—

"I'm none the cleaner for my walk; unpack your brushes, old gentleman, and give me a brushing."

"I don't carry a brush, Sir," replied he; "but any one of the others will do for you with pleasure" (six more or less mangy-looking clothes' brushes were simulaneously drawn from the pockets and directed towards me); what I've got in my hankycher is dolls."

And the weary, white-haired old fellow plunged his hand into a corner of his bundle and drew out a tiny-jointed doll, pert looking, and with one of its legs stuck out. "They go down here, you know, Sir, among the fast uns—worn in the button-hole or the hatband, as you might have seen. These will all go to-morrow; at least I hope so," continued he, a deeper shade of weariness clouding his face. "I tried 'noses and hairs' last year, but they're bad to be thrown on your hands; two dozen and seven out of half a gross, which was the case. That was a cripple, I can assure you. You see there is no call for noses and hairs in a general way."

As the case stood, however, I was enabled to assist both old men. I bought half-a-crown's worth of impudent little dolls of one, and was brushed from the summit of my hat to the heels of my boots by the other. So they jogged into the town (no straggling or lagging now), and, to my great satisfaction, turned into the first public-house to buy some beer. "I wish I had asked them," thought I, "what induced them to set out from London so many hours before there was occasion. If I see any more brushes coming this way I will ask them."

I had not long to wait; for no sooner had I cast my eyes towards London than I could make out other b-draggled ones—one with a shoeblack-box on his head, and three others toiling along with a truckload of gingerbeer; then more stragglers, with brushes sticking out of their jacket pockets.

"Why did you set out so early?" I asked of one. "You would have been in good time had you started to-morrow morning."

"Oh, ah! a lot you know about it! Just you try walking more'n twenty miles and then givin' to work without a rest."

This answer, though not polite, was convincing, and at once explained the reason for this tramping by night.

I loitered in the road long enough to be quite sure that this really was the advance-guard of the renowned and glorious Derby, for during the next two hours the throng gradually thickened and they all went the same road—the second to the left, and up the hill. Only that I had a long day before me, come the morrow, and the rain from a drizzle was changing to a steady downpour, I should have liked to have gone up the hill too, but compromised the matter by resolving that, since I could not be on the spot to see how the brushers, and the beggars, and the petty thieves managed for sleeping accommodation that night, I would take care to be on the Downs before they were up. And so I walked back to my lodgings, and was just in time to see the magnate of Epsom, and the proprietor of the Grand Stand turn out of his gate in a great phaeton drawn by just the sort of horses to bowl up a hill. Besides the Clerk of the Course there were two or three others, one of whom I will undertake to swear was a printer's typesetter. This made the paragon of the midnight drive evident enough: the phaeton carried besides the four gentlemen, the "form" of the great—the only—the indispensable "Circuit card," which, being compiled in a sanctum in the rear of the magnate's premises, is carried up the hill and to the Grand Stand, attached to which, besides the telegraph and other wonders, is a printing machine.

The rain pattering against my chamber window awoke me on the Derby morning, and dreary enough was the look out up the road and down the road, with the sky about as cheerful looking as the leaky bottom of a leaden cistern, and the wayside gutters doing a brisk business, and the sinks and gully-holes gulping and gurgling most unmusically.

Here's a precious Derby Day! My first reflection was on my luck at being within a "fly" (a half-crown one) of the race-course, while thousands of my fellow-creatures—those infatuated ones who persist that the chief of the fun is in "going down"—would certainly be drenched to the skin. My second reflection was—how about the brushers, and the d-l-sellers, and the beggars, and the horse holders? How had they fared through a rainy night out on the bleak Downs? It was still very early; but my curiosity concerning my highway friends of the preceding evening was superior to my craving for breakfast, so, buttoning on my great coat and taking an umbrella, I set out at once.

Tiresome as it must be to toll up—up—the steps which lead from Epsom town to the Downs when the sun is blazing, and the atmosphere misty with powdered chalk; let but anyone possessed of the erroneous idea that nothing can be more tiresome, try it, as I did, on a gusty rainy morning with the road slippery and sloppy, and in appearance as though a gigantic vessel of slack "batter" had been upset in some higher region and was intent on finding its level. Up the slope, and still up, for the better part of an hour, and then the "Grand Stand" is before you.

It does not, however, look very "grand" at present, with the rain battering at its fragile walls, and with its white and gold festooning distilling rapid tears. The ring, the course, the hill, where the caravans and the gingerbread booths and the kennel-like "tents" of the gipsies, and the "rifle galleries," and the "photographic establishments" are—all look dreary and gloomy enough, and go to make up anything but an appropriate opening to a gay, rollicking, sunshiny Derby Day. But where are the brushers and the beggars and the utterly aimless ones whom I saw passing the night before? Here they are; huddled in the lee of soppy canvas booths, covering under carts and wagons, shivering on the wet grass, and with their rains pulled up about their throats and squatting against the rails that environ manmole's acre, where presently as much money as would buy bread and clothes for a thousand such wretches will be pitched hither and thither and squandered recklessly. Some of the forlorn ones, however, had already roused, and here and there were to be seen smoky smoldering fires of damp wood and straw, thickly surrounded by shabby companies of dirty, bleary-eyed, shock-headed men and lads, yawning dismally, puffing at short pipes or indulging in disconsolate conversation. They, however, who were not absolutely penniless had no need to go either cold or eupy, for just by Barnard's stand an enterprising cake and coffee vendor had already thrown open his end door, and on peeping within you could see his fire glowing ruddily and his bright coffee boiler steaming in the most seductive way—in the most tantalizing way to the penniless ones, poor fellows! It was disheartening to come all this long way, to pass a night of wretchedness, and to wake to find the very tools with which they hoped to earn a shilling as out of place as snowshoes in Arabia. Dusted, indeed! Scrubbing, scraping, washing down—anything rather. The wet made it bad for them in every way. Had the morning been propitious, that, together with the rumours of the Prince of Wales honouring this Derby with his countenance, would have put the boothkeepers in such spirits that so paltry a thing as a crust or a cup of coffee might have been obtained for the asking; but, as matters stood, it was enough to make folks, who at best of times had very few crusts but what they knew what to do with, think twice before they gave anything away.

As the morning advanced, however, the weather, though still very sulky indeed, gave symptoms of relenting, and the spirits of the dwellers in tents rose accordingly. Besides, it was something to be sure that this really was the great race-day, and here was a sign—a gang of labourers, armed with rammers and spades, making good the ruts and hoof-holes caused by the races of yesterday. Gradually the business of the day commenced. The rifle-target keepers began to adjust their lengths of block tin tubing through which "my noble sportsmen" were to aim at a target perched at the extreme end; the gingerbread-nut folk began to clatter amongst their tin canisters; the gipsies—those blithe "children of nature"—emerged from their mangy-looking kennels, and attended to their cock-shying affairs; the men cutting and trimming the cock-shy sticks and filing mat bags with earth, and sorting the "shys;" the women slinging the iron pots and getting breakfast ready, while the brown babies, more than half naked, were visible within the hovels, sprawling and squalling amongst the straw or, "good as gold," building houses with shattered cockshy crockery.

Ber-drays from London now began to arrive, and the countless refreshment booths—each with its banner, inscribed with the name and town residence of its respected proprietor, snapping and fluttering in the gusty air—began to sweep out and sawdust their floors and arrange their crockery; the "sparing saloons," too, began to show signs of animation, and, each smoking his dirty pipe, might be seen the puffy-checked, raw-boned "Brompton Bison," and the broken-nosed, one-eyed "Spitalfields Spider," attaching to their outer walls the intimation that they were "witin" and would be happy to maltreat the public at a shilling a head. So that, one way and another, there was a decided change for the better in the aspect of affairs; everybody seemed to have something to do, or to be looking for something; this especially was the case with an elderly gentleman of the shaving profession, who was bustling about with the implements of his trade at his girdle, loudly vociferating—"Now the barber! the barber!—a clean shave for the low price of a penny!" and if any one was disposed for a clean shave he just sat down, or stood up if he preferred it, and the barber, borrowing a dip for his razor into somebody's hot water, performed the operation off-hand.

Of the many curious pictures revealed by a morning's ramble among the booths and tents, and houses on wheels, I have no space here to tell. Neither will I be at malicious pains to describe at any length the Derby which "marched past," as, with my great coat comfortably buttoned, I smoked my cigar and viewed it leisurely. Suffice it, it was not a brilliant procession—too much leather-work in the shape of carriage heads, and carriage aprons, and galigalekins for that—too many umbrellas in place of sun-hats—too much mire and too little dust. However, everybody being in the same plight, there was nobody to laugh—that is, jeeringly—so every body goodnaturedly affected to regard the prevailing costume as a desirable thing, and ladies sailed at it, and gentlemen were blantly philosophic over it, and fast gents made fun of it—it was all right, capital, charming—and the carriages bowed along towards the stand, and the pedestrians towards the course, in the merriest mood, and in good time was formed a picture of Epsom on the Derby Day—not so highly coloured, or crowded may be, as many a one of

previous years, but, to say the very least, of a far more satisfactory character than might have been expected. In one respect it was the most satisfactory Derby Day that had occurred "since George the Fourth was King;" for, true to his Royal word, the future King of England graced the event by his presence, having come down by "road" like a true English gentleman, and there he stands placidly smoking his cigar, and for the present with nothing weightier on his mind than a "cool hundred" he has "put on" the racer Gillie.

One circumstance was specially evident. The weather's gloom had little effect on the spirits of those bent on betting. In this category may of course be included at least seven out of every ten individuals that crowd the Grand Stand from its base to its summit, and thence the course on each side and reach far up the hill. But I allude particularly to the betting-man par excellence; and if you would find him you must seek him nowhere but in the "Ring." To my thinking, this railed space before the Grand Stand is to-day the ugliest spot on Epsom Downs—uglier than that where the "Brompton Bison" holds his court—uglier even than the slummy nook where swindlers congregate with "prick in the garter" and "the artful little pea;" that is, uglier inasmuch as it is more mischievous. Its evil influence is more widely spread (I take it that to hanker to possess your neighbour's goods without rendering an equivalent is an evil) and contagious, because it seems to have, if not the countenance of the law, at least the law's tacit permission. It may be urged that betting, as transacted in the Epsom ring, is conducted on the fairest terms; but this can scarcely be. The advantage must be on the side of the man who makes betting his business and works the machinery of his "book" by strings hidden and known only to the initiated. No doubt there are very many honourable men who patronise the "Ring;" but there is no denying that it is likewise the resort of sharks, the business of whose lives it is to snap up and devour the unwary.

That "every dog has his day" is a proverb accepted without cavil; but how much luckier are these human lurchers, and turnspits, and retrievers? They have a day whenever Epsom or Newmarket choose to proclaim it, and undoubtedly they make the most of it. What delight it must afford them, these Bride-lane profligators and lurchers of the Saffron-hill waste, cheyied by the police and petitioned and protested against by honest citizens, whose business is impeded by their hustling, bustling conclaves; and whose ears, and the ears of their wives and daughters, are offended by their slangy contentions!—what joy it must afford them, when, on such occasions as the present, they may slip their muzzles and howl and bark according to their nature, and that in the very teeth of the policeman close at hand! To hawl, "I'll bet! I'll bet! I'll bet!" and to run about bither and thither, book and pencil in hand, stopping at pleasure to enter a little transaction—ay, and to take the stake, too—without even a frown or a reproving nod from the man of blue cloth and metal buttons.

The race for the Epsom Town Plate comes first, but the betting-man thinks little of that paltry affair. True, he is not averse to toying with his luck, just to keep his pencil in condition, but nothing further. It is the Derby he pins his fate to. Hear him—hear fifty of them, "I'll bet against Lord Clifden!" "Ten to one against Gillie, King of the Vale!" "Twenty-five to one against Tom Fool!" "I'll bet against the field!" "Twenty guineas to one against Fantastic!" "Who wants to back Hospodar?" "Ten to one against Macaroni!" "Any odds against outsiders?" "A hundred pounds to one against Baldwin or Watford!" and all this at the greatest stretch of their throats, and with their hands shielding their mouths after the manner of costermongers bawling greengrocery. And the oddest part of the business is that not only does the purchase of a ten-shilling ticket invest them with the privilege of gambling publicly, it also confers on them—or so it is accepted—marvellous rectitude. As, for instance, suppose you take the hundred-to-one bait, thinking—"Well, the risk is not much and it may turn up trumps; despised Derby horses have pulled through a race before now; besides, nobody will know anything about it if I lose." You will then have to hand your sovereign to the strange bawler, who will ask you your name, and scrawl something in his book, and then shoot off, for time is very precious, and be out of sight in a twinkling. No doubt, if Watford should win, you will presently discover your friend with twenty crisp five-pound notes in his hand, diligently seeking for you; still, there is no real security that his standard of morality is higher than the railings that encircle the betting-ring.

With the individual, however, who adopts the betting-ring, and is wedded to horse-gambling "for better or worse," it is not, as he would probably observe, "all sugar." You might, perhaps—never having seen him about "the City" with more polish on his trousers than his boots, and with his spotless linen carefully screened by the breast-lapels of his coat—your might, on the faith of his present french-polished exterior and his easy manner of talking about vast sums of money, imagine that his profession was sweet without alloy. But wait awhile; wait till the bell tolls "Clear the course! clear the course!" and he is spurred to desperation to book a few more "safe" things while there is yet time. Wait, again, till the same bell clangs suddenly and sharply as a fire-bell in the night and the cry is raised, "They're off!" Not another bet can now be made. The betting-man closes his book, closes his mouth—closes his former self entirely, so to speak—and, leaning against the rails, commences to chew his pencil and to grow visibly paler and older. He speaks to nobody, nobody speaks to him. What on earth can there possibly be to talk about till the horses reappear around the hill?

Which last paragraph the reader will please regard as anticipatory, for not only have the Derby horses not yet started, they have not yet saddled; and the "knowing ones" have yet to view them in the Paddock in that condition when, as says the poet, they are "adorned the most." At this point it was that I heard the only bit of grumbling that throughout the day reached my ears. Undoubtedly, it was muddy, and to be over one's shoetops in tenacious clay is not pleasant; still, I must say that the seekers of the paddock, as business men, might have refrained from swearing in the violent manner they did. But they s on recovered their tempers when once within the gate. There was the favourite, looking (as everybody said, for I know nothing about horses, and should have preferred King of the Vale, on account of his long legs and his gigantic size) every inch a winner; and the second favourite—Maccaroni—tight, compact, and wiry, but certainly one of the smallest of the lot; and Sacharometer, and the once formidable but since faded Hospodar. The close of the inspection found the "favourite" the favourite still, and so he remained after the ordeal of the preliminary canter up the course preparatory to approaching the starting-post.

And, as the sequel proved, little need was there for the above-named or for any other well-behaved horse to have hurried himself to the starting-post, for though at that interesting spot are already gathered an anxious knot of owners and trainers, and Mr. McGeorge is quite prepared to say "off" and the old gentleman is eager to second the order by dropping the important flag; any one who had known what would happen might have taken carriage to Epsom town, and taken lunch, and quietly jogged back again, and still have been in time for the "launch." As may be easily imagined, it is no easy matter to marshal a troop of fiery, impetuous horses in such array that they shall be so well together that no one has an advantage over another; and this supposing that the rainbow-coloured sprites in the saddles have no "game" in view; no desire to take a little superfluous steam out of their then own red-hot nags, or to so manoeuvre that any formidable rival may sweat awhile or cool awhile, as the case may be; and further, supposing that the tarter is the coolest, and most amiable, and even-minded man in the world, which, possibly, he may be, whatever may be said to the contrary by any number of impish horse-harlequins. But if any home of the lot takes it into his high-bred head to be obstinate, why, what further can be said? And on this occasion a certain animal—Tambour Major by name—did take it into his high-bred head that it was at least an hour too soon to start, and backwards and forwards went the rest of the docile pack—the rain sprinkling now and then—till aristocratic arms tired with holding race-glasses, and the plebeian mob growled audibly. "That's try number twenty" sneers a little jockey as he once more wheels his ready nag. "I don't care if it's try number two hundred," replies Mr. McGeorge, with asperity, "you

won't go till I give the word." And so the tiresome game continued; once, twice, three times more, and then down went the flag, and off they go—leaving mawr wronghead behind after all!

Clang! clang! clang! The bell by the judge's chair heralds the stirring intelligence to the assembled multitude, and a hundred thousand voices cry "They're off!" as simultaneously as though they had been drilled to the performance.

Now we will get back to our betting-man, whose last words before he collapsed were "They're off!" as was the case with the rest; and then, as before stated, he shut up to wait for the verdict.

To wait for it as though he had been guilty of murder rather than of a few simple acts of gambling, and the horses were the jurymen, retired behind the hill yonder to consider his case. Let us hope the equine jury will not be as long coming to a decision as the muddle-headed Old Bailey jurymen often are, or the only correct judgment as applying to the case will be "permanent insanity;" for, without doubt, if this anxiety is much longer protracted, from gnawing his pencil our betting-man will take to tearing his hair, and have to be removed to Colney Hatch straight off. But the horse jury are not long in coming forward; they snap at the turn of the hill, and then there arises a cry of "Hats off! hats off!" such as is only heard at Epsom and at public excursions; and there ensues a tippee dance, and short people take unwarrantable liberties with their taller neighbours—using their feet, their calves, their hips, even, ladderwise, that they may see.

Then arises a faint shout, from patrician lips probably—"Clifden wins!"

"Clifden wins!" "Clifden wins!" is caught up by the eager multitude, and the words are echoed from the ring, from the stand, from the host that stretches from the verge of the course to the hill-top. He is the "Clifden" of the cat-meat man, who stands to win seven-and-sixpence, as much as of my Lord Loo-cash, who stands to win a couple of "thous." or, again, as of our friend the betting-man, who stands to win out for his clamorous landlord, and boots and shoes for his boys and girls. "Clifden wins!" "Clifden wins!" "No, no! it is Blue Mangle! Blue Mangle! Blue Mangle!" "No, no! Rapid Rhodol! Rapid Rhodol! ha! ha! He walks!" "Clifden! Clifden!" "No! no! no! Maccaroni! Primrose for ever!" "Clifden! Clifden! he's lengths ahead!" "Maccaroni! Maccaroni! Primrose! Primrose! Hurrah!"

Well, really, gentlemen, it is so close a race that, standing twenty yards off, it is hard to say. However, the judge will settle the matter in a twinkling. Up goes the numbers. Now set your minds at rest. First number, 7; second, 15. Maccaroni and his primrose jockey wins Derby 1863 beyond dispute.

But where is Maccaroni, the honoured quadruped whose name has suddenly become so potent that in the space of a moment it has been uttered in joy, in triumph, in despair, and cursing by a thousand lips—whose triumph within fifteen minutes of the upraising of the magic figures, will be transmitted, with the speed of lightning, to London, to Manchester, to Liverpool, that those great cities may ring with it? Where is this Clifden of equine nature—this horse without peer? Hitherward he is led; there is no mistaking him. Surely we are pagans at heart still, for never did white elephant or sacred bull command such adoration as this wonderful little horse called Maccaroni. He passed the chair first, and he reappears last, surrounded by a grateful multitude, who press on him and make as though they would kiss the hem of his saddle cloth. Let us hope that all this homage is paid the dumb beast for his prowess solely. Even at this rate it is not a dignified spectacle, but less so by far if, in the eyes of his worshippers, he is but a shape of the ever venerable golden calf, who to-day is a racehorse, to-morrow a hoard of tallow, and the next day hogheads of sugar or rolls of railway scrip.

Anyhow, it must be a proud time for Maccaroni. He is refreshed out of a wine-bottle, and his ruffi coat is sleeked with a cloth dainty as a cambric handkerchief. As for the clever primrose pilot who has steered him through the shoals and rapids, and brought him so triumphantly into harbour, what are they about to do with him? He must be conveyed back to the scales from which he started to be re-weighed. True, this operation has been once performed to-day, but it must be done over again, and he and his saddle, and his reins, and his saddle-cloth, and his whip are heaped into the elegant morocco-covered weighing-chair, like an auctioneering lot to be knocked down to the highest bidder.

"But why weigh him again, when that operation was performed before the start?" asks the curious reader. For this reason—although jockeys as a class are the most virtuous fellows in the world, there have happened exceptions to the rule. There is a story of a jockey who did a neat trick with a riding-whip on one occasion—was weighed in the first instance with a whip, the handle of which was loaded with lead and weighed six pounds; before he started this was changed for one to all appearance exactly the same, but weighing only four ounces! Six pounds, more or less, would not make much difference to your hundred bag or mine, dear reader; but to an animal whose powers have been strained to cracking point, whose beans are counted almost and his water measured as an apothecary measures physic, it makes all the difference. The scales, however, in which the primrose jockey is reweighed give a faithful account of him; "All right," says Mr. Manning, and there is an end to the business.

I may as well add that Lord Clifden was the second horse, and Rapid Rhodol third; although a blunder in announcing Clifden for the last-named place caused some confusion.

J. G.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

TRALEE.—Mr. O'Hagan, Attorney-General for Ireland, has been returned for Tralee, unopposed, the other candidates having retired.

CITY OF LONDON.—No candidate has yet announced himself to supply the vacancy in the representation of London caused by the death of Mr. Western Wood. It being understood that no public movement will be made by either the Liberal or Conservative party till after the funeral of the late member.

NEW ROSS.—Mr. Tottenham, the member for New Ross, has applied for the Chiltern Hundreds, and a vacancy is therefore likely to occur immediately in the representation of this borough. Mr. Tottenham's son, Lieutenant-Colonel Tottenham, of the Scots Fusilier Guards, will be the Conservative candidate. This gentleman was a distinguished scholar at Eton, and subsequently served with distinction in the Crimean War.

DRAWINGROOM AND EVENING PARTY IN HONOUR OF THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES.—The Prince and Princess of Wales held a Drawingroom at St. James's Palace on Saturday. The attendance was extremely numerous, and the streets leading to the palace were occupied for several hours with the carriage of the aristocracy waiting for their turn of admission. An evening party was given by command of the Queen at St. James's Palace, on Tuesday evening, in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales. The invitations for this reception were issued by the Lord Chamberlain of her Majesty's household.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—The Prince of Wales has consented to lay the first stone of the new school about to be erected for orphans and necessitous children of workhouse and clerks. The ceremony will take place on the 11th of July, when a large gathering of patrons of this deserving charity is of course expected.—His Royal Highness has intimated to the committee of the Reformatory and Refuge Union his willingness to accept the office of patron of the union, as representing the reformatory movement throughout the country. His Royal Highness has at the same time forwarded a donation of £20 to the funds of the society.—The Prince of Wales has also consented to preside at the inauguration ceremony on the occasion of the removal of the pupils of the British Orphan Asylum from their late school premises at Clapham-rise to the commodious freehold building and grounds adjoining the Great Western station at Slough, on Wednesday, the 24th of June.—His Royal Highness was on Saturday last elected a Fellow of the Royal Horticultural Society at a special meeting of the society, the usual forms of election being dispensed with in the case of his Royal Highness.

DEATH OF MR. WESTERN WOOD, M.P.—Mr. Western Wood, member of Parliament for the city of London, died at half-past nine o'clock on Sunday morning, at his residence, North Cray-place, Kent. He was attacked early last week by inflammation of both lungs, accompanied by pleurisy, which baffled all the skill of his medical attendants. The deceased gentleman was the youngest son of the late Alderman Sir Matthew Wood, Bart., who represented the city of London in Parliament for twenty-eight years. Mr. Wood was returned in July, 1861.

SOME of the merchants of Boston, Massachusetts, have subscribed a purse of 11,000 dollars for the widow and family of General Reno, who was killed fighting for the Federal cause.

OUR FEUILLETON.

THE LONG RECKONING.

CHAP. II.—THE VILLAGE.

Stephens is a grand and imposing pile. The side of the free-stone outer shell has an oppressive, almost heavily and almost only ornate. The architect, during the present exhibition of his design, seems to have had Corinthian pillars in his mind to a world's extent, almost amounting to monomania; and his to be held that he threw out a sufficiently copious crop of this pediment architectural symptom on the Stephens elevation to ensure his aesthetic conscience.

If you could cut off a block of it with forty feet frontage, this small decimal fraction of the edifice would, as street architecture goes, have made a very tolerable town mansion in Grosvenor-square. As it is, there seems a great deal too much of it. It is all uniform except that, in the centre, the emotive plague has gathered sufficient virus to put out a huge excrescence of portico, where the plethora of pillars relieves itself by a dozen ring-leaders stepping bodily forward out of the crush as Corinthian columns.

Leading up to this there is a flight of steps so unnecessarily lofty and ample as to make any average human being arriving (let us say in a fly from the Great St. Vincent station) feel that the most trying part of the journey is yet to be accomplished.

Nothing under a coach and six, with outriders, and three gigantic footmen to jump off the spahiboard and keep one another in calves and countenance on their way up the glaring, gradatory expanse, could even back comers from the inferior world at the base of that stupendous palatial eminence with anything like self-respect.

The place is surrounded with the usual appurtenances of rural magnificence; but, somehow, a sense of strict ceremony and company manners extends to the horizon. The fine old park trees seem to have lost the independence which should belong to the British oak, and stand drawn up in formal rows, as if waiting for the moment when it might please his Grace to inspect his faithful and attached timber.

The broad sheet of water is kept at its level by an uncompromising rectilinear dam, in the middle of which there is a reproduction of the portico flight of steps, glazed with the broadest and thinnest of mathematical waterfalls.

The gardens, lawns, terraces, and pleasure-grounds are laid out apparently with a view of snubbing nature on a large and expensive scale. There are no quiet nooks and unexpected turns; everything is subservient to grand birdseye views.

The stables and kitchen gardens, oppressed by a humiliating sense of their mere practical usefulness, have retired to such a respectful distance as to be undisturbable without a guide.

Inside the palace (for it would be an injustice both to the sumptuous edifice and the domestic word to call it a house) the same spirit of superiority to nature is asserted. Only here it is human, instead of inanimate, nature which is snubbed on a large and expensive scale, and bodily comfort sublimely subordinated to hard cushions of the richest satin and stiff backs, elaborately carved and gilt, in a debased classic style of decoration which may be called upholsterer's perpendicular Grecian.

The ceilings and cornices are cumbrously moulded and profusely gilded. Velvet curtains fringed with gold; deep, yielding carpets of Axminster pile, on which the company steal about delicately; enormous mirrors in which people can see how uncomfortable they look, at full length—all the furniture and fittings are of a quality which show that the Duke is alive to the propriety of having everything handsome about him.

The Duchess is included among the necessary household chattels; and she, of course, is handsome too. She dresses according to her own taste, and her taste is very perfect. That is the one point on which she is allowed to have an opinion of her own. The Duke could make her a Duchess, but he could not—say, I presume, he has even compromised his infallibility so far as to confess to himself that he could not administer the organization of her millinery, and yet have her look the newest and most carefully-revised edition of a modern Duchess. If he could have done it, no doubt he would. The Duchess is also allowed to furnish her own boudoir, which is really a very comfortable drawing-room, fitted with every modern accessory of luxurious ease, and decorated with the flower of refined and graceful ornament.

But her artistic instincts are not permitted to have any wider scope: the traditions of Stephensakes have to be maintained. It was all very well for the Duchess to be comfortable in private; but if the State apartments, devoted to the solemn performance of a grandiose and sublime hospitality, were littered about with languishing, elastic sofas, down-cushioned ottomans, undignified easy chairs, and pert, familiar little swivel-mounted vi-a-vis—deuced us from such sacrilege! The country would stretch out its legs, and grow free and easy. No; the severe, perpendicular Grecian curule chairs and *spondees*, which lent themselves to no gratuitously suggestive facilities for the natural disposition of human limbs, were the style of furniture to keep people in their proper places. Let them be regit and new covered as golden and gilded as you please, or let others like them supply their place, but lose of your new-fangled fur-bowls here! London may be Paris to-day and Vienna to-morrow, and St. Petersburg or Constantinople the day after, but Stephensakes is Stephensakes, and shall be Stephensakes as long as there are acres in Ounshire.

The Duke is a Whig in politics. Consistency is his favourite virtue. He is a consistent Whig on principle, and his ancestors have been so before him since William III. created Sir Colroyd Starchope, of Stephensakes, Bart. Baron Stephensakes and Earl of Seelchester. The marquise was conferred by George II., during Sir Robert Walpole's administration, and the dukedom rewarded some little sacrifice the late Duke made at the time of the Reform Bill, which was the severest trial the family consistency had perhaps ever undergone. But consistency triumphed.

For some generations his predecessors had been accumulating nomination boroughs. The Reform Bill was a step the other way. However, it was taken in the fulness of time. What were boroughs good for but garters and promotion in the peerage? The last step in the peerage was obtained, and there would be Parliamentary influence enough left, in spite of Reform, to keep the family in garters.

The Duke is a spare, middle-sized man, with hair of the colour of hay. Light blue opaque eyes, a high nose, narrow forehead, thin lips, and a long chin. The last feature is permanently maintained at rather a high angle by broad, stiffened, twice-round neckcloths. His voice is rather harsh and high. He is not talkative; but what he does say is uttered as loud as if he were addressing a public meeting. He upholds civil and religious liberty all over the world; but at Stephensakes, as elsewhere, public opinion means what is most loudly proclaimed, and nobody but the Duke proclaims anything loudly.

He is not colloquially oppressive, because he really has not much to say. He has not a mind fertile in forming opinions, and he has a strong and salutary conviction that it is to the last degree undignified for a great man to speak unless he is sure of his ground. He knows the points of a horse, and the pedigree of his racing stud. He knows all about the county highways and poor-law boards, and the mysteries of estate, and can tell who ought and who ought not to be put on the commission of the peace in the counties over which his influence extends. In politics he objects to qualifications and hair-splitting distinctions. A consistent Whig, who is a great man and not a professional baker of political bread, should take his opinions hot, and hot as they come out of the oven at Brooke's Club.

If it had seemed fit to the Whig Ministry and the measure-bakers at Brooke's to reverse the free-trade policy which they had recently adopted, the Duke would have backed them just as staunchly, possibly with even greater zeal. The one thing which he resented was their tendency to call themselves Liberals. That was a new-fangled innovation which disturbed the ancient landmarks of his principles. For, after all, the letters W H I G formed the casual emblem to which his consistency was bound. He looks upon the political focus of Government not as a fountain of a particular stream of homogenous measures, but rather as a boiler out of

which motive power is derived to work the development of his local importance. His leading idea is to miss no opportunity of widening the friction-borough influence. He has no taste for the heat, and, on the contrary, disavours oil of the engine-room; but he likes to put in his own political stokers, to see that the friction-belts and connecting-rods duly convey the central piston-pulse of Parliamentary power, so as to keep his own local machinery in satisfactory working gear.

To the Duke's mind it is a sign of the times being out of joint that Basil should have thrown out his candidature at the last election. What was the use of having forty thousand a year in Baldersland if he was to have his wife's first cousin thrown out for the county town? He had hitherto abstained from disturbing the county; but Baldersland should see this time that he was not to be trifled with. The party at Stephensakes being gathered with a view to the impending raid on Baldersland, it was not composed of lively elements. A joint selection of the Baldersland hierarchy, whom there was any chance of detaching from the Melmerby, Grazebrook, and Sarsenal influence, were sprinkled with a flavour of the higher aristocracy of Ounshire, so that they might feel they were invited to meet good company. They were invited, with their wives; but the line must be drawn somewhere, and there were no sons and daughters.

Mazzard of Jaworth was of high feather; and, as most of the party were more or less enlisted by the stately solemnity of the household, he had great opportunities of showing, in his visible and treacherous style—who was the real man in the ranks of Baldersland's liberal contingent. Mazzard was a little shy at first, too; but it would have taken an almost insupportable weight of social repression to keep Mazzard effectually down.

His intellect, without being subtle or profound, was robust and energetic. He was blessed with an abundance of self-esteem, and encumbered with but little tact. He was "a plain man with no nonsense about him." He liked to "go to the heart of a question" and to follow up a principle to its legitimate issues. Mazzard was a troublesome man at Quarter Sessions, and had always more to say than his brother magistrates cared to hear. Perhaps they were jealous of his talents. He certainly had the gift of the gab, and could make a ten times better speech than Southrop of Thixby or Balston of Waltham; yet it disgusted him to find that the Bench paid more attention to a few stumbling sentences from those pig-headed old stick-in-the-muds than to his Demosthenian harangues on county grievances.

His family had held the three thousand acres of Jaworth for five generations. His great-grandfather (it was still remembered in that antediluvian county) was a successful attorney in Bradbleak. The attorney bought the estate, a bargain, of an encumbered client; and by some retributive retaliation of the *genius loci* the successive heirs of Jaworth had all been a shade too clever to be comfortable country gentlemen.

Mazzard being an anti-aristocratic, anti-oligarchical, advanced Liberal, much addicted to venturing his theories in their nude simplicity—going to the heart of Reform questions, and following up Liberal principles to their legitimate issues; moreover, taking advantage of the ceremonious reticence of those august halls to utter him almost as audibly as the Duke himself, it is scarcely to be wondered at that his Grace was very soon convinced that "the real man of the Baldersland Liberals" was the most offensive and obnoxious person that had ever, in his time, partaken of the Stephensakes hospitalities.

The Duke could swallow Liberalism compactly rolled and neatly covered with gilded without any wry faces when it was prescribed by his family politicians; but here was an unauthorized practitioner, who volunteered to pound the pill afresh and stir up its unsavoury ingredients in hot water, under his very nose! Mazzard, however, had a happy obtuseness, which enabled him to mistake grim gaps of ominous silence for encouraging pauses of rapt attention.

It was not bad sport for those who saw the humour of the situation to behold this modern Marcus Curtius mounted on his hobby and perpetually plunging and replunging into the conversational chasma which he kept unconsciously making as fast as he filled them up.

CHAPTER VII.

Such was the sort of party into which Lady Julia found herself precipitated, and it is not very probable that she would have been able to see much fun in it by her own unassisted light. Luckily for her, Sydney Wainwright had been appointed by the benevolence of the Duchess to take her in to dinner; and he, in his rattling, off-hand manner, put her up to the state of affairs.

"Terrible man! Of course, he is a terrible man. Who would have thought a quiet little county like Baldersland could have turned out a bore of such calibre? You know bores are measured by calibre?"

"Yes, artillery bores." "Well, he is one of the great guns of the county where we are going to fight for civil and religious liberty. He won't take much 'limbering up,' will he? He seems as if he had never done red-hot at ever since he was founded, and had never once been spouted out. He is a sort of fire-arms likely to be dangerous to his friends: too hot to hold; apt to explode his powder, by spontaneous combustion, before he is fairly shot. You see how uncomfortable he makes the poor Duke?"

"No! Is the Duke more uncomfortable than usual?" "I should rather think he was. I can tell you he is not accustomed to fire-works of that sort fizzing and cracking off at his table."

"Why did the Duke ask such a disagreeable person?" "Why, he was down in Snape's list of worthies. Snape, you know, is the Duke's Baldersland agent. You don't suppose those people were invited to be agreeable. We are conciliating their vote and interest, and it ought to be done in a serene, sublime, and unconscious manner. They ought to make believe that they come here as casual guests, and ignore all political motive in the transaction, except a private word or two with the Duke to make things all right; but this hulk thrum-boaster knows he has been invited for politics, and being 'a plain man,' will out with 'the heart of the matter.' He very likely thinks the Duke and the company are delighted with him, and that he is taking the lead in the discussion to which his talents entitle him. You see my steady old father, after a few unsuccessful efforts to moderate him, has retired behind a wise Ministerial reserve, out of which he can only be roused now and then so far as to raise his eyebrows a hairbreadth or so, and look as if he might positively have to shake his head. You know Ministerial reserve is a sort of hedge, and it is safer to avoid the open when there is a wild bull in possession of the field. It would not do for a Cabinet Minister to be tossed in the presence of two counsellors. If Mazzard could get a chance of hoisting him on the horns of a dilemma, he is no respecter of personages. I should like to see him take a rise out of the Duke. The old boy is in a most frightful frame. Upon my word, it beats cock-fighting to see him so crowded over, and on his own dual dunghill too."

"Is not that rather ungrateful of you, if it is for your political advantage the party is invited? Surely you ought to be sorry that the noisy man puts him out?"

"When he is doing his best to put me in? You don't suppose he does it out of any particular affection for me. He only looks on me as a sort of peg to hang up one of his old hats on in the House of Commons. You might fancy he has a quasi-paternal avuncular interest in giving scope to my rising abilities, and a desire to see his hopeful young relative launched in public life. Not a bit! He takes no more account of the quality of my brains (as long as I can tell the Ministerial lobby from the Opposition) than of the colour of my hair. For all he cares or knows, my skull might be full of hasty pudding, cotton wool, or sawdust. He takes it for granted I shall recite the orthodox formulas at the polling-places, where I have to harangue the market people. But I have been privately recommended (through my father) not to enter on political topics with these people. The Duke does not like political discussion. I am only to be exhibited, for the present, in the character of a mod and retiring young dummy, whom it is King Log's gracious will and pleasure to install as Deputy Chip in Frogland or Foaldand. If it wasn't for the embargo laid on me I should like to have a go in at Mazzard. To 'go to the heart of,

the matter, his Liberalism is a virtuous desire to pull down everybody above his head. And to carry his principles to their legitimate issue, the noisiest demagogue should rule the country, in which case Mazzard would be First Lord of the Treasury."

"And what is your Liberalism?"

"As far as I can see, every man's politics have a direct reference to his own interests. Our Liberalism consists in keeping a respectable connection of Whig families in power. In order to retain our popularity, we are obliged to go in for any amount of progress. Our theory consists in perpetually inviting the sovereign people to march intellectually over our aristocratic bodies, without letting them actually do it. We are obliged in public to talk the talk of Mazzard, but we don't like him to follow it up to its legitimate issues in private."

"You seem to be a very candid politician. If that is the sort of thing you would like to tell Mr. Mazzard, perhaps it was wise to keep you quiet."

"You don't suppose I should say that sort of thing to the company, though? One never says what one would like to say in this double-faced world, unless it be to amiable young ladies whose discretion may be relied upon. That is why female society is such a relaxation. One may say what one thinks to a lady, that is, if one does not talk about subjects which concern her very much; for I suppose, on questions of female politics, reserve and circumspection are as requisite as in male politics with men."

"And what do you call female politics?"

"Questions of taste in bonnets, novels, cashmere shawls, popular preachers, music, and all other descriptions of social, moral, and domestic millinery. In short, whenever the personal interests of the listener are in no way affected, candour is safe. You may confide to me with the utmost frankness any heterodox opinions you may hold on the combination of colours most suitable for a dark or fair complexion. If you think Mrs. Wilthrop over there made a mistake in wearing a wreath of sky-blue convolvulus in her red hair, I shall keep your secret faithfully, and take a mild, sympathetic interest in hearing you utter an energetic and lively diatribe on the subject. But if you were to say the same thing to Mrs. Folclyffe she might think you were making idle caps at her all the while, because she wears cornflowers; and, though her hair is really auburn, she has no doubt had friends kind enough to whisper in her ears that her enemies called it red. And then, who knows but what Mrs. Wilthrop may have, some time or other, given herself airs to Mrs. Folclyffe, and that it might not suit Mrs. Folclyffe to go and console with the red-haired lady on the spiteful observations you had made about her, though, all the time you might have been broaching the merest æsthetic convictions without caring one brook-and-eye (I suppose ladies do not measure their indifference, by buttons) whether the suggestive example's taste in dress were good, bad, or indifferent, nor whether her chevelure were scarlet, purple, or pea-green?"

"I see you have a mean opinion of women."

"Do you think I have a lofty opinion of men?"

"You think women care about nothing but ribbons and trimmings. How do you know I may not be a deep and dangerous politician? How do you know I am not here, like Alfred in the Danish camp, to carry your rash confidences into the Saxon strongholds?"

"Why, you are a genuine Dane—you are the Duchess's niece. I forget what Lord Tintagel's politics are. I think he has no Balderland property," said Whitmarsh, who was a little startled by the

THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES, DEDICATED BY NATURAL SELECTION TO DR. CHARLES DARWIN.



NO. 4.—POOR PUSS.—(DRAWN BY C. H. BENNETT.)

dangerous look of playful mischief with which Lady Julia had turned upon his male politics.

"My father has no property in Balderland, and I fancy he forgets almost as much as you do what are his politics, though I believe he ought by hereditary right to be a Tory. Lady Ulrica is my stepmother. Is there any such relationship as a stepparent? And do female politicians always side with their stepmother's family politics?"

of her youthful toilette may have formed the trap for a foolish and too-confiding lover; but how he, happy fellow! escaped the toils when caught, or how Miss Kitty failed in securing her natural prey, who can tell us? We can only see in the engraving before us how the trap and the skirt, the kitten and the cat, all melt into one old maid.

But, let us suppose that to be kitterish, wayward, and pert; to be sly, sharp, and short-tempered; to look upon men as mice to be caught, and to use dress as a mere trap wherein to catch them, is after all the easiest way of losing loving hearts, and the best and surest plan for producing the "Poor Puss" of our Engraving. She is an old, old maid, and, for the happiness of all mankind, such may she ever remain.

THE LIVERPOOL WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

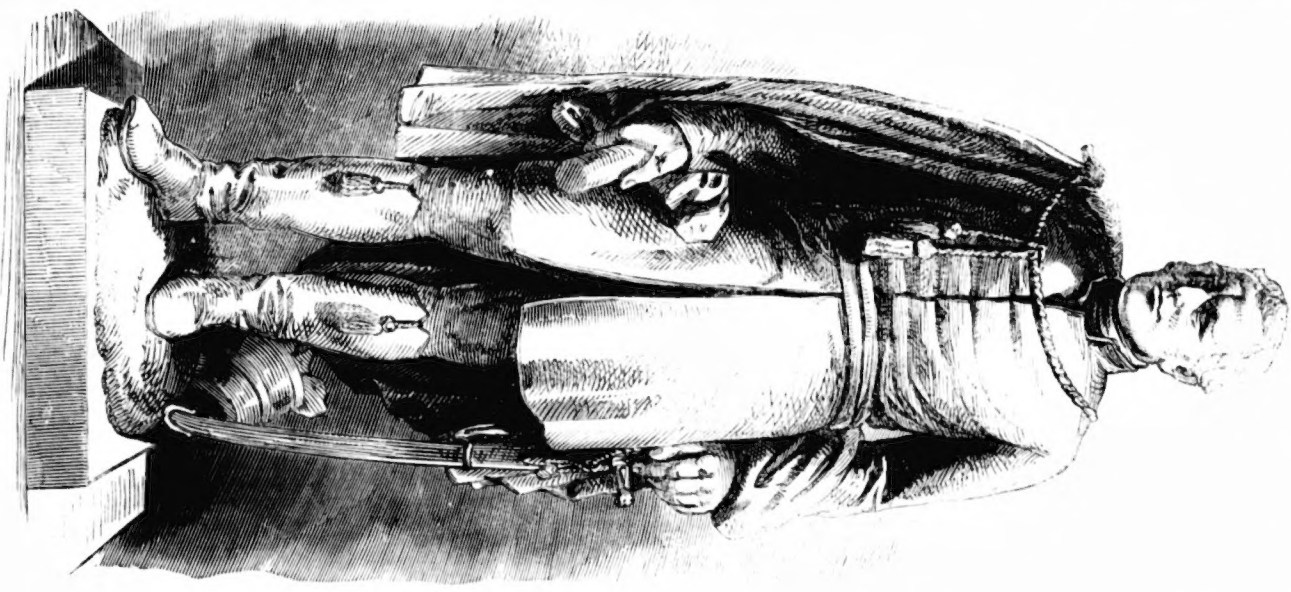
THE INAUGURATION.

THE inauguration of the monument in Liverpool to the memory of the Great Duke of Wellington, the movement for getting up which was commenced in 1851, shortly after the Duke's death, and the completion of which has only just been accomplished, took place on Saturday last in presence of an immense assembly; and the sight furnished for the thousands of spectators present was one which is seldom witnessed in Liverpool. Apart from the mere pageant, there was an interest attending the erection of a memento to one of England's

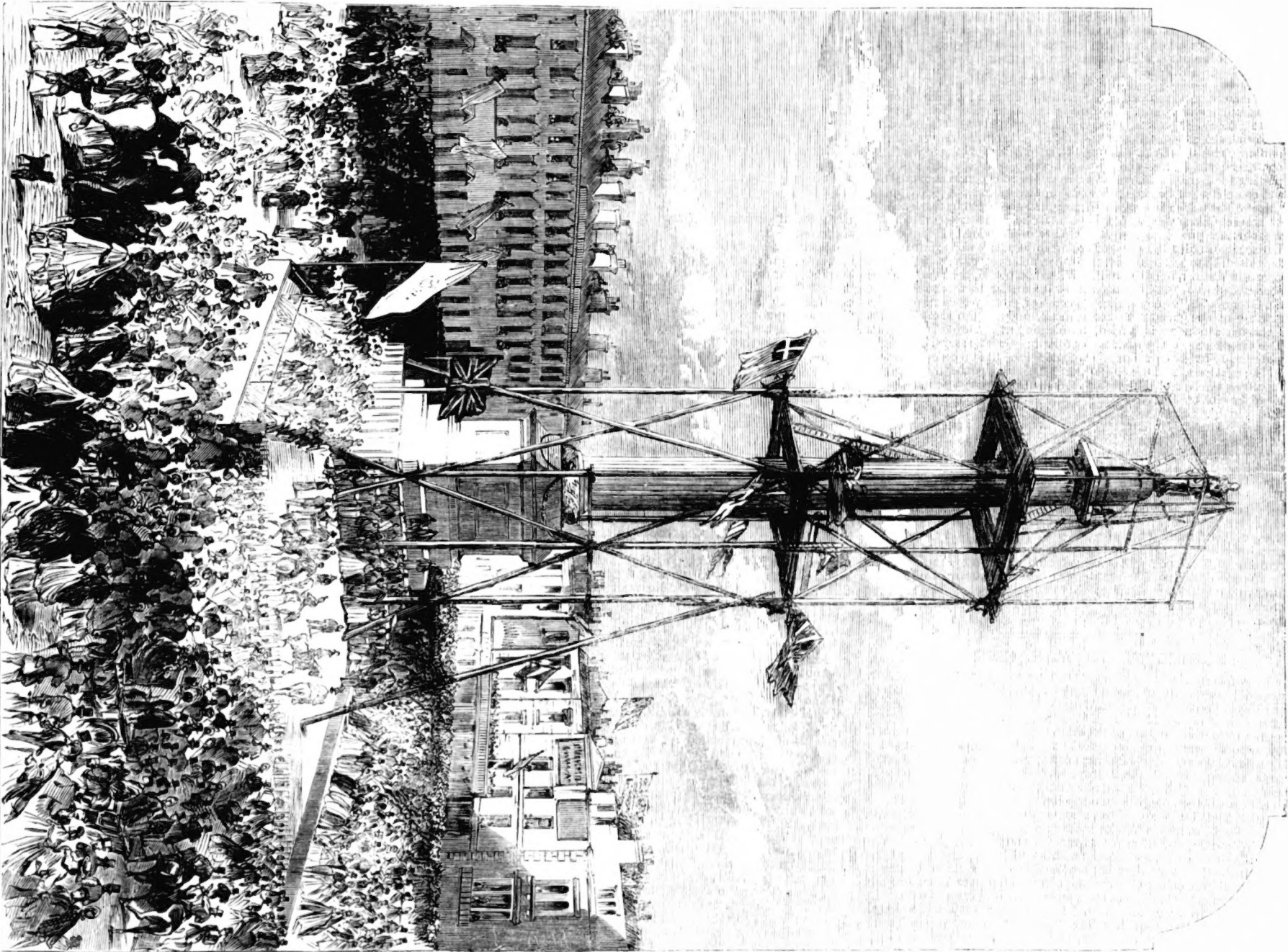


THE LONG RECKONING.—A DINNER PARTY AT THE DUKE OF SWELCHESTER'S.

greatly. Canals, and in a local point of view that feeling was increased in the fact that on the completion of the work the town would possess an emblem worthy of it. It had been felt that Liverpool was behind other large towns throughout the kingdom in its expression of admiration of the illustrious hero's military career. It had a tangible record of the heroic deeds of Nelson, and a desire was experienced for the advent of the time when his great counterpart, Wellington might have a testimonial reared which should stand firm to the present and the future. That the monument was to form a magnificent present to the Corporation on behalf of the inhabitants of the town was doubtless another and a powerful incentive to the spontaneously expressed by the attendance at the inaugural ceremony, inasmuch as it might be considered not only the testimonial of the 400 subscribers, who in reality contributed to its erection, but a substantial acknowledgment shared by the townsmen generally.

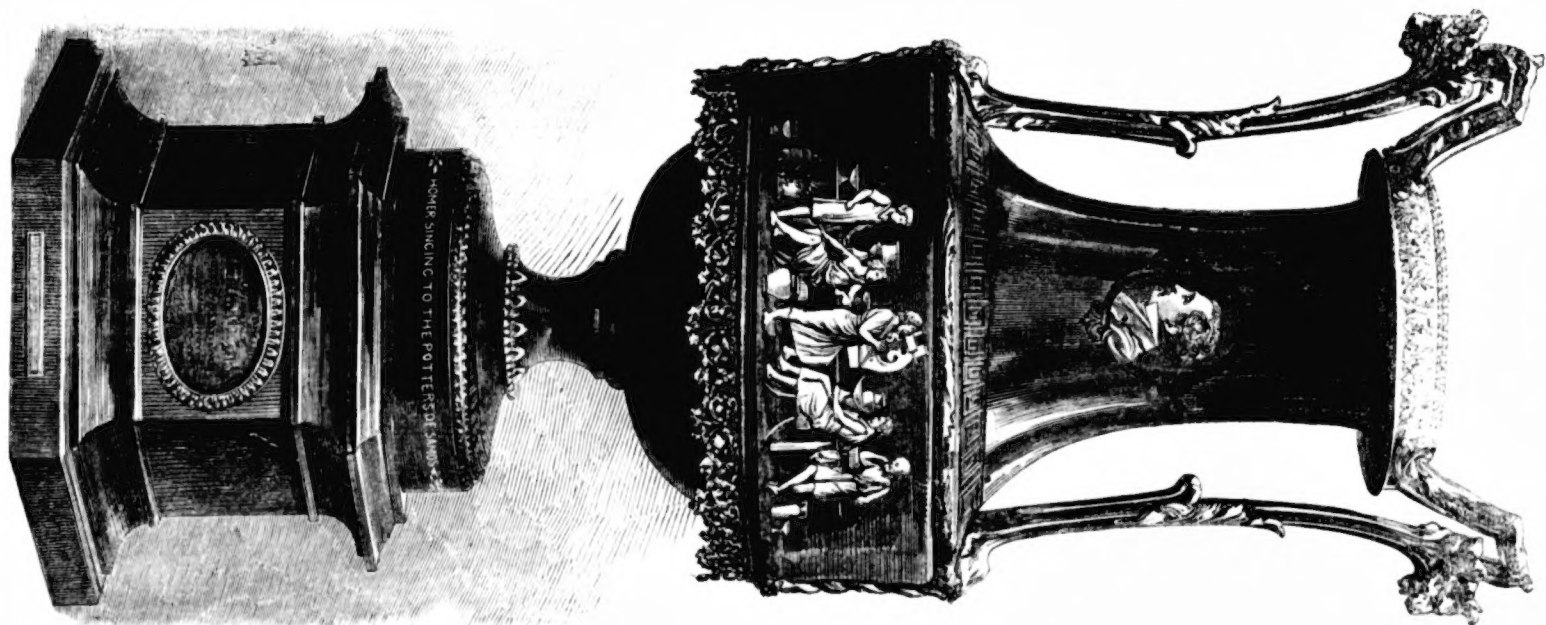


THE WELLINGTON STATUE, LIVERPOOL.—(G. LAWSON, SCULPTOR.)



INAUGURATION OF THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT, LIVERPOOL.—(FROM A SKETCH BY R. HARGREAVES.)

down Dale-street and along Willm Town-street to the size of the monument in Commemoration to it.



TESTIMONIAL PRESENTED TO W. H. KEIR, ESQ., ON HIS RETIREMENT FROM THE ROYAL PORCELAIN WORKS, WORCESTER.

GENERAL HOOKER AND THE NEWSPAPERS.—General Hooker has issued an order requiring newspaper correspondents in his army to sign the communications they transmit to the papers for publication, and accordingly their letters now appear with their names, or at all events their initials, appended. The General threatens, if communications are published without the correspondent's signature, that "such correspondent will be excluded from and the journal suppressed within the lines of the General's army."

shire shipbuilder — I WILSON, Diamond farmer. I BEE and I

[illegible]

London: Printed and Published at the Office, 2, Catherine-street, in the Parish of St. Mary-le-Strand, in the County of Middlesex, by THOMAS FOX, 2, Catherine-street, Strand, aforesaid.—SATURDAY MAY 23, 1853.